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Poems
AND
MISCELLANEOUS PIECES
BY
ANNE A. FREMONT



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1872

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Poems

AND

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY THE LATE

ANNE A. FREMONT.

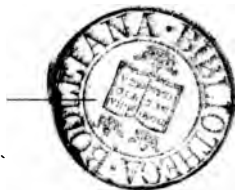
COLLECTED, REVISED, AND ARRANGED, BY

JOSEPH FEARN,

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LONDON:

WILLIAM MACINTOSH,

24, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1872.

280. n. 36c.

"She being dead, yet speaketh."

INTRODUCTION.

THE following pieces are the productions of a deceased Lady, who was for some time a popular contributor to our Periodical Literature. The readers of several respectable serials, will recognise in much of the contents of this Volume, old and pleasant friends, which ever and anon embellished the "Poets' Corner" of such publications, while those who will meet them now for the first time, in the form in which they are reproduced, will, I feel sure, be glad to make their acquaintance.

The name of the lamented ANNE A. FREMONT is a fond memory with many, and it has been deemed desirable to "keep that memory green," by preserving these relics of our departed Friend.

Since the sad hour which witnessed the passing away of our fair Poet from the present scene, it has been ever the earnest wish of a devoted Sister, to collect and publish the precious memorials of her loved and lost one: and I felt it to be a privilege, while I esteemed it to be a duty, to respond to the request, that I should assist in the compilation, and undertake the editorship, of these posthumous Poems. If there is any value to be attached to the fact of many years of literary experience, and critical observation, on my part, I may add, that this work has my own most cordial approval. In launching forth this small vessel upon the changing sea of public opinion, it may serve to disarm criticism from too severe an exercise, when it is stated that it is more with the desire to gratify the wishes of surviving relatives and friends, than to court popular favour for this Volume, that its appearance has been meditated and accomplished.

One circumstance, I am sure, will of itself propitiate the esteem of all right-minded readers

of these Poems, and it is this; that the Sister before referred to, is solely responsible for the expense of the publication, and intends to devote the whole of the proceeds to be derived from the sale of this Volume, to the Building Fund of St. Michael's, Wood Green; being the last Church in which ANNE A. FREMONT attended Public Worship.

JOSEPH FEARN.

BRIXTON : 1872.



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ERRATA.

- Page 9, line 10, *for* glowing dignity, *read* gloomy dignity.
,, 23, ,, 22, *for* those lips *read* these lips
,, 26, ,, 3, *for* vast his misery, *read* vast is misery,
,, 42, ,, 12, *for* around the trees *read* around upon
the trees
,, 43, ,, 5, *for* lov'd the vine, *read* lur'd the vine
,, 57, ,, 4, *for* The past is past, and cannot change
The future woes as yet.
read The past is past, and cannot change—
The future woos us yet.
,, 66, ,, 5, *for* if within *read* if good within
,, 85, ,, 4, *for* You even *read* You ever
,, 95, ,, 24, *for* Rememb'ring who *read* Rememb'ring
Who
,, 110, ,, 7, *for* love impart, *read* lore impart.
,, 122, ,, 25, *for* clear ways *read* clear rays
,, 127, ,, 17, *for* born die *read* born to die
,, 130, ,, 4, *for* I even lov'd *read* I ever lov'd
,, 143, ,, 22, *for* bent his head *read* laid his head

Of glorious sunshine made its cheerful way
Through the high massive bars, which overhead;
So grudgingly a scanty portion shed
Of air and light, but from his languid eye
Shut out the least trace of the deep blue sky;
He only felt the fierce resistless power,

The fiery trial of that sultry hour,
 Its fatal influence on the sluggish air
 That round him hung, until he scarce could bear
 Th' oppressive weight, and his dull eye grew dim,
 Nor scarce could trace that beam which, unto him,
 So eloquently spoke of life and light,
 And glad unfettered forms ; for at the sight
 His thoughts had wandered from his prison gloom,
 To fountains sparkling 'mid the garden's bloom.
 He thought not of the burnt and parching earth,
 The flowers with'ring in the south wind's dearth ;
 No ! to his longing sense it only told
 Of rivers it had changed to liquid gold ;
 Of shady forests, where its fiercest ray
 Through the green matted leaves ne'er found a way ;
 While, in a moment's space, o'er ocean bright
 His tranced spirit took its eager flight,
 To the cool bowers of his loved English home,
 Where ne'er again his captive step might come.
 He seemed to see its white cliffs gleaming high,
 And feel the soft breath of its genial sky ;
 His feverish thoughts were full of all things fair,
 And loved and beautiful, yet none were there ;
 No, not e'en she, the gentle pitying maid,
 Who once, when night had spread her veiling shade,
 To his dull prison came, and made it bright,
 With her sweet presence, and the gentle light
 Of those dark eyes, and words of comfort spoke ;
 At least he guess'd them such, for as they broke
 From her rich lips their tone was kind and glad,
 As when we speak to cheer ; then grew they sad,
 As her glance fell upon the heap of straw,
 That formed his couch, the foul dust mantling o'er

The walls of that rude cell ; but when at last
 She turned to leave, they wore a gayer cast,
 Breathing of hope, though little hope had she ;
 But warm hearts still its shielding ark will be.
 In Arabic, her native tongue, she spoke ;
 Unknown it was to him, as his to her ;
 So by dumb signs they spake, till the sense broke
 Upon their clouded minds, distinct and clear ;
 His captor was a prince of that wild land,
 His daughter she, when by her father's band,
 The spoil and captives of the fight were brought,
 His foreign garb and aspect fair had caught
 Her listless eye, and when she saw the grief,
 The anguish on his brow, which mocked relief,
 He won her pity, though she marvelled why
 Her heart should feel th' unwonted sympathy ;
 She deemed 'twas but a momentary pain,
 That came to be forgotten ; yet again,
 And oft again, waking or sleeping still,
 Troubling her heart like thoughts of dreaded ill,
 His image came, and then the wish to see
 Him once again, and soothe his misery,
 Woke in her breast, haunting her spirit so,
 Till grew the idle thought a bitter woe ;
 And she had come, albeit a timid maid,
 At length to his lone dungeon, by the aid
 Of a young lad, and they had brought with them
 Rich wine, which sparkled like a liquid gem,
 The luscious fruits of that delightful land ;
 And dainty cates, made by her own kind hand.
 But weeks had passed since then, marked only by
 The same heart-crushing, dread monotony,
 In yearning thoughts of home, and wishes vain,

To see heaven smiling on him once again,
 To inhale its odorous breath, and once more range
 O'er the green earth—a maddening thirst for change,
 Life's greatest evil; half his prayer was heard,
 For once more came she who alone had stirred
 His heart with pleasant thoughts, in that sad place;
 There was a gentle gladness in her face,
 And more than once the bolts which made him linger,
 Flew open to the touch of her light finger;
 E'en as by loving words in kindness spoken,
 The stubborn will of a proud heart is broken;
 Yet, though she came, brief was the time she stayed,
 And at the sound of her own step dismayed,
 Distant she stood, with eyes whose radiant light,
 Shone 'neath their lids, like stars thro' clouds of night;
 Those lids which over them so bashful hung,
 As fearing they should give a traitor tongue
 Unto her heart, whose feelings scarce she knew,
 They were of such a strange and mingled hue.
 And still some news of import glad had she,
 To soothe despair, and brighten misery;
 She oft would ask his lineage and his name,
 And from what part of the wide earth he came;
 Gilbert of London, smiling, would repeat,
 As if unto her ear the sound was sweet;
 And she would add them to her memory's store,
 Like relics of some old forgotten lore,
 Time past, perchance in some eight months or more,
 As many times came through his prison door,
 His angel visitant, whose presence bright,
 Made time without it but a darker night;
 Ah, sore he pined for his lost liberty,—
 At last the blessing came, and he was free!

From her high lattice, in a distant part,
 Half hid from view, as 'twere the gentle heart
 Of that rude-forméd pile she saw him go,
 And had rejoiced, but that a sudden woe
 Fell on her heart, although she knew 'twould be
 His happiness to leave, and anxiously
 His glance was turned again, and yet again,
 As something dear, remembered even then,
 He left behind ; she gazed until at last,
 Space shrouded him from view, and all was past ;
 His form, his voice, the many hours that she
 Had watched above his lone captivity ;
 Gone like the glory from the rough touch'd wing
 Of starry butterfly ; she could not sing
 From very joyousness, as once she did ;
 Her heart had lost a treasure, and forbid
 All mirth in her ; it had unseemly grown—
 As laughter round a hearth death has made lone.

In his own land, with life's familiar things,
 Once more about him, and the peace which springs
 From a lost joy regained, within his heart,
 His was a happy lot ; yet little part
 Took he in the world's noisy revelry,
 In masque, or ball, or gay festivity.
 But most his calm retired way was found ;
 In commerce and in study's quiet round,
 Days passed him by on tiptoe without noise,
 Bringing few cares and robbing not his joys ;
 His days he gave to commerce, and at home
 His evenings spent o'er some illumined tome,
 Though many a form of beauty passed him by,
 Not one had yet detained his heedless eye ;

Or touched his heart; oft when his mind had grown,
 Weary with study, and the book was thrown;
 Careless aside which could no longer please,
 And busy thought, who never takes her ease;
 Wove for him many an idle phantasy,
 Of things to come, or caused to pass by
 In stern review the past, he still would dwell,
 With interest strange upon the dismal cell,
 And gloomy hours of his captivity,
 In that far land, and her who used to be,
 Hope, joy, and sunshine to his clouded life.
 With whate'er different things his thoughts were rife,
 They ended still in this,—and was it strange,
 When he looked round and saw the blessed change!

It was a lovely autumn eventide,
 The calm of heaven seemèd on all beside,
 At that sweet hour each rude discordant sound,
 Was sacrilege to the repose around:
 And musingly he sat, till twilight pale,
 Drew o'er the sky her slight bewitching veil,
 Until a loud tumultuous voice awoke
 His lullèd sense, and all his wild dreams broke;
 Louder it grew and nearer still it came,
 While high above the din was breathed his name,
 In troubled earnest tones, that on his ear,
 Familiar, fell and thrilled his heart to hear.
 He to the window flew, looked forth, and gazed
 On his fair princess, who towards him raised
 Her perfect arms with a wild joyous cry,
 That smote up through the calm air hurriedly.
 A moment and her cheek lay on his breast,
 Ah, her fond heart hath found its place of rest;

And all its trouble, all its sorrow now ;
 Have vanished with their shadows from her brow.

When he departed all things seemed to wear
 A different aspect, they had lost a share
 Of their old brightness, and she felt no more,
 Could time or change their former tone restore ;
 While he was absent all around her grew,
 Alike indifferent, for the darkened hue
 Of her own heart was on them, and she found,
 No balm in the cool air, no pleasant sound,
 In instruments of music, e'en the name
 Of joy was meaningless, and life became
 A cheerless void ; and so she stole away
 From home, from country, and her sire grey,
 That stern old chief, and with but the lone word,
 Of London, her far doubtful way she steered ;
 Until through many fearful dangers past,
 She reached the city where he dwelt at last ;
 And through its crowded streets her footsteps bent,
 With quicken'd pulse, in fear and wonderment,
 While Gilbert ! Gilbert ! was her anxious cry,
 Which echo seemed to give back mockingly ;
 When, as her heart began to fail, her voice,
 He heard, and she for joy could scarce rejoice.
 And Becket took unto his home and heart,
 Her who had been of thought the sunny part,
 And made that trustful one a happy bride,
 Who ventur'd through strange lands, with blind love for
 a guide.

A DREAM.

I HAD a vision some short time ago,
 Wherein the ideal forms and things did seem
 Almost like life, for they were full of woe,
 Save that I woke to find it but a dream,
 And that its misery had no lasting power ;
 And all its burning tears did pass away—
 Except in memory—with that passing hour,
 Leaving such trace as doth a simple lay,
 While the soul-blighting sorrows of reality,
 Have pangs like death, yet breathe of immortality.

It was in aspect like an April day,
 For, ever and anon the showers between,
 Young Hope and Love, shed forth a sunny ray,
 Tinging all things with their own ruddy gleam,
 Kissing their tears and turning them to glee ;
 But at the close the heavy show'rs prevail'd,
 And clouds began to gather gloomily,
 Even love and hope grew sick at heart and fail'd,
 And perish'd, neath the chill of that dark night,
 Though in the morn, they shone so beautiful and bright.

Methought I stood within a banquet hall,
 Amid a gay and gallant company,
 Who there had met to hold a festival—
 Oh, my entranced heart beat merrily !
 For music with a sweet glad voice was there,
 Giving a joyous soul to fairy feet,

And as its melting murmurs filled the air,
 Luring the warm blood into beauty's cheek,
 Giving to lightest things a magic tone,
 And making hostile hearts and feelings all its own.

And high above upon fantastic wrought
 And massive stands, the glowing torches shed
 Their broad bright flames, with gold and ruby fraught,
 That in one dazzling blaze of glory spread;
 And on the dark stain'd marble pillars shone,
 Laughing away their glowing dignity,
 Kindling a smile on the cold haughty stone,
 And dancing on, in its wild revelry,
 Stream'd on the chequer'd pavement, which did seem,
 Forth from its polish'd brow to fling back beam for beam.

There vases slender shap'd and palely pure,
 In deep recesses stood retir'd away,
 Looking like vestals, who in days of yore,
 Turn'd aside from the bright world to pray;
 They were with richest scents and odours full,
 That breath'd forth like holy words of prayer,
 Shedding a blessing on the beautiful,
 The young, the brave, who were assembled there,
 Giving to all of their own sweets a part,
 Like noble thoughts from out a pure young heart.

And there a youth and maiden sat apart,
 Gazing on all around with listless eye;
 Oh! I could see that theirs were captive hearts,
 Together linked in love's sweet slavery,
 For the hot blood came rushing to their brow,
 Burning like liquid fire each throbbing vein,

Suffusing face and neck with one deep glow,
 While a delicious sense of joy and pain,
 Mingled with shame, bow'd down his head, and she
 Found some curl rough or stray'd, and smooth'd it busily.

And each glanced at the other stealthily,
 But droop'd abashed beneath the lightest ray,
 Caught from the others quick averted eye,
 And yet felt vex'd when it was turn'd away ;
 And his lips mov'd as if they would have spoken,
 But in faint murmurs did the accents die,
 Like summer waves upon the glad shore broken,
 That may not pass their smiling boundary ;
 At last with low tone and imploring glance,
 He ask'd that gentle girl to join him in the dance.

He rose and took that beautiful lov'd hand—
 How it did tremble joyously in his !
 And at that touch like a magician's wand,
 Their eyes seem'd open'd unto scenes of bliss,
 And veil'd to every thing that pass'd around ;
 No more the giddy revellers they see,
 But seem to tread upon enchanted ground,
 And visions of wild joy came hurriedly,
 They rose so bright and palpably to view—
 Ah, was it strange that youth and love should deem
 them true !

They mov'd along, not as they did before,
 When they with others in the dance had stood ;
 The mirth, the laughter, and the noise were o'er,
 The music stirr'd them not as then it would ;
 They only felt the eyes they lov'd were beaming

Kindly on them, they only felt the glow
 That o'er their cheeks so thrillingly came stealing ;
 And when he spoke, the words were hush'd and low,
 But yet they seemed to fall upon her ear,
 Distinct and sweet, and tremulously clear.
 And thus they passèd all that joyous night—
 How it did fly away quick as an hour ;
 Their strange new feelings and hopes sunny bright
 Had a most wond'rous sweet, yet cruel pow'r,
 Of making hours moments—moments nought,
 And yet to Nothing gave a golden boon,
 Enshrining it with rays of splendour, caught
 From the bright dreams of bliss, that had so soon,
 Sprung up in their young hearts with magic glow,
 To brighten all above, and make a heaven below.

The scene was chang'd, ah ! 'twas a change indeed,
 Festivity and mirth, for woe and tears,
 Long months had flown by with a moment's speed,
 And yet had wrought the mournful work of years,—
 The maid I saw, in that bright hall, now stood
 Before me—oh ! but she was changèd too ;
 Her cheek and lip had lost their joyous mood,
 And her young brow its sunniness of hue ;
 And in her glance was something strange and cold,
 As if her heart had broke, and yet its wreck untold.

A chamber 'twas on which I now did look,
 Hung round with rich and costly draperies,
 Whose large and cumb'rous folds scarce seem'd to brook,
 The ground on which they fell ; the varied dyes
 Of tapestry were rather deep than gay,
 And all its grandeur had a look of gloom,

Wanting a glad heart's enlivening ray ;
 That want, hung o'er it like a fearful doom,
 For she was poor indeed in hope and joy,
 Ah ! why do hours raise bliss a moment may destroy !

There was a feud between her sire and his—
 The friends of years, months had made deadly foes ;
 Rude storms had dash'd the budding flow'r of bliss,
 And love's bright sky was darken'd o'er with woes :
 It was a word—almost a passing thought,
 That stirr'd this dire tempest in their breasts,
 And, like the wrath of elements, it wrought
 Destruction upon those they lov'd best—
 The wind will crush the flow'r it kiss'd to sleep,
 And they rent loving hearts, and taught bright eyes to
 weep.

Upon a table lay a glittering heap
 Of gems and treasures, such as ocean rears,
 And she was bending o'er them, and did weep,
 As if her heart's blood gush'd with her tears ;
 They had in other days by him been given ;
 Round all of them some lov'd remembrance clung
 Of sunny hours, ere their young hearts were riven ;
 I well-nigh could have grasp'd every one,
 Within my hand, and yet they seem'd to her,
 All that this earth contains of what we hold most dear.

She look'd as if her soul to them did cling,
 As doth a miser's to his worshipp'd gold ;
 She thought of each fond glance—each gentle thing—
 Each word and kindly act of which they told ;

She heard the words he spoke, when first was plac'd
 That jewell'd ring upon her finger fair;
 He said how much that snowy pearl wreath grac'd,
 The raven darkness of her flowing hair;
 But yet each thought sear'd her young heart anew,
 'Till it seem'd like to break, her sobs so stifling grew.

There was one thing, that with their splendid hue,
 Contrasted strangely—'twas a wither'd wreath;
 Its flow'rs, which once around sweet incense threw,
 Long since had felt the chilling touch of death,
 And one by one the fragile stalk had left,
 Till there was nothing more—a lonely thing,
 Of leaf, of bud, and flow'r alike bereft—
 Nothing to it, and it to nought did cling,
 And yet it was a charmed circle; she
 Saw nought of highest things so shrin'd with sanctity.

She gaz'd upon it with a fond sad look—
 Thought seem'd flown from that fix'd vacant eye,
 Yet her's was all of it, and such as shook
 The chords of her young heart so jarringly;
 All their sweet melody was gone—ah me!
 That ever sorrow should have thus unstrung,
 The golden strings that only seem'd to be,
 Made of bright hope and joyaunce to have sung,
 Sending their merry notes of happiness,
 O'er the wide waste of earth to rapture and to bless.

Woe had fall'n early on her; but she had
 Bow'd her head to it, as the summer flow'r
 Bends to the blast, in lowliness though sad,
 And meekly praying for a sunnier hour.

The world had just burst on her in its bright
 And splendid robes, that dazzle and deceive,
 Wrought o'er with blooming hopes and rays of light;
 And she had gaz'd upon it to believe
 With a deep faith, and should this touch of ill
 Shake her belief in good? oh no! she dream'd on still.

Yet 'twas but faintly; and although a tone
 Might linger still, she felt her heart was crush'd;
 The casket broke, the precious jewel gone—
 E'en the low whisp'ring voice of hope was hush'd;
 The bright world had grown joyless to her eye;
 O'er it no more the light of love was shed,
 Not e'en through thy dark veil, futurity!
 O'er whose dim distant halls ideal spread,
 The chill of desolation, and the tone,
 Breath'd from thy distant harp, was broken, sad, and lone.

She found no thoughts of earth could bring relief
 Unto her breaking heart, nor steal away
 The lightest portion of her heavy grief,
 And so she humbly knelt her down to pray,
 With white hands rais'd imploringly on high,
 And sorrow's gentle shade upon her brow,
 While faith's calm lustre kindled in her eye,
 As came the hallow'd accents deep and low—
 Ah me! how fervently we pray 'mid tears,
 'Tis but when earth is dark, that heav'n so bright appears.

Prayer! how all things are hallowèd by thee!
 A stillness seem'd to fall upon the air,
 And tho' no more its words came hushingly,
 And her head bow'd in supplication there—

Yet, was it so? the hands that had been clasp'd,
 So fervently together, now unbound;
 And from that wither'd wreath relax'd their grasp,
 That all unheeded fell upon the ground!
 Oh God! her heart had broken—death had riv'n
 The dark'ning veil of life, to bid her look on heav'n.

A dim old chapel, with its arching roof,
 And massive pillars of a solemn air,
 Breathing a mute but eloquent reproof,
 To aught unholy that might enter there;
 With sacred altar, where the limner's hand
 Had trac'd, e'en to the life, some blessed story
 Of mercy, Christ had wrought in Sion's land,
 When veil'd in flesh was th' Eternal Glory,
 While many an angel's calm religious face,
 Did seem to smile upon that holy place.

And in the central aisle, stretch'd on a bier,
 In her stiff chilly shroud, the maiden lay,
 With cold white hands cross'd on the bosom fair,
 That once had heav'd with feelings warm and gay:
 Ah! still and rigid now was ev'ry line
 Of that sweet face, that look'd so bright and glad,
 When in the festive hall, I saw it shine;
 But now no joyous friends no wooers had,
 But on each side stood one, a watch to keep
 O'er that fair corpse and its unbroken sleep.

And each lean'd motionless upon his sword,
 Save that their glance would sometimes ling'ring fall
 Upon the dead, but not a whisper'd word
 They breath'd, for silence seem'd alike on all;

When suddenly a figure wildly rush'd
 Along the aisle, to where that sleeper lay—
 Forth sprung each sword, and his heart's blood had gush'd,
 But that he reckless dash'd them both away,
 And flung him by the bier, each enemy
 Subdued with pity at his agony.

And long he seem'd o'erwhelm'd with his deep woe,
 Still as the lifeless form he lay beside;
 And troubled looks they cast on him, as though
 They fear'd he had in very sorrow died;
 At length they rais'd and urg'd him to begone,
 But still he gaz'd on that he lov'd so well,
 And murmur'd broken words in such sad tone
 As it was grief to hear, and hot tears fell
 From his scorch'd eyelids on the unmoved face,
 Where he was wont such sympathy to trace.

A sound of coming feet—and with scar'd look
 They bid him fly for life; and on that brow,
 So beautiful, one farewell glance he took
 As stamp'd it on his brain—one kiss—and now
 Is gone; and once again those watchers stand
 Silently as before, while many forms
 Come crowding in—a sad funereal band
 Of sire and friends, the last act to perform
 For the departed: well, I deem, remorse
 Had work'd a full revenge for that pale corse.

And by the torches' glaring light they laid
 Her to her rest within the marble tomb,
 And for the bliss of that sweet spirit pray'd,
 Whose brief stay upon earth was fraught with gloom;

Then mournfully the solemn anthem stole
 The aisles along, and as the last notes rung
 Upon the ear, with grief that mock'd controul,
 And trembling hand, that childless father hung
 Upon the tomb a rose wreath, white and fair,
 To show that a young maiden slumber'd there.

The mourners all are gone, the torchlight past,
 And not a sound, or living thing was there,
 But strange forms wore the dark long shadows, cast
 By the pale starlight on the pavement bare;
 On one tomb Death, with His sure dart in hand,
 Seem'd quicken'd now, and stealing forth to slay,
 While upon others Hope and Faith did stand,
 Smiling at all this terrible array.
 Here cherubs spread their wings to soar on high,
 And there some fearful skull grinn'd horribly.

Ah! what a solemn sense of loneliness
 Struck to my heart while gazing on that scene!
 For though it was but fancy's light impress,
 'Twas strong and deep as if it real had been;
 The startling effigies of Dame and Knight,
 The melancholy urns and marble tombs,
 That some stray moonbeam made so cold and bright;
 While, 'mid the awful stillness and the gloom,
 On her hard couch the maid slept calm and sound,
 With silence and religion all around.

Beautiful sunshine o'er the joyous earth,
 Is fondly smiling, not a single spot,
 So bright with sweet wild flow'rs and soft green turf,
 Is in its warm impartial love forgot;

And here, where heather and the harebell grow
 In such rich clusters, and around the root
 Of ev'ry tree the timid violets blow ;
 And a small silver stream winds at the foot,
 Over the smooth white pebbles stealing lightly—
 It is no marvel that it shines so brightly.

The din of battle from the distant plain,
 Startling the small birds from their green retreats,
 But soon to seek their refuge once again,
 To shun the noise and stifling smoke, that heats
 The soft cool air with such unusual glow,
 Utt'ring short, rapid cries of wild affright,
 As come those strange white clouds, so dense and slow,
 Across the clear blue sky, and flashing bright
 That wond'rous light'ning ; hoarse the thunder roar'd,
 And yet they felt there was no storm abroad.

The fierceness of the fight has passed away ;
 The cong'rors now their vanquished foes pursue ;
 And many hearts that welcom'd in that day,
 With hope and pride, shall now its closing rue ;
 And many eyes, that late with life did shine,
 Are dim and glazing now, and death alone
 Looks forth from them, while close the damp locks twine,
 Like icy fingers chilling into stone,
 Round brows, that time had not yet touch'd with care,
 Though now they lie so pale and lifeless there.

But one has turn'd his fainting steed aside,
 And, unperceiv'd, has gain'd this quiet spot ;
 The bright green turf is with his life-blood dyed,
 And dim his eye, as if it heeded not

The things around ; and thick the cold dews hung
 Upon his brow—ah ! well I knew that face,
 Though now death's shade was o'er it darkly flung,
 Yet not so darkly but I there could trace,
 The frantic mourner in that chapel lone,
 The maiden's lover, when mirth round them shone.

I saw him writhe in the last agony—
 The short vain strife to hold the fleeting breath
 We spend in sighs ; and well I then could see,
 The fearful change so quickly wrought by death,
 Making us feel its presence ere decay,
 Has marr'd the spirit's graceful tenement—
 The stricken one that on the bare earth lay,
 Sunshine and flow'rs seem'd altogether blent,
 Mingling with empty space so cold and grey,—
 And thus that mournful dream did pass away.

STANZAS IN MEMORY OF

THOU com'st before me in the sunny light,
 When all around is beautiful and fair ;
 When the blue sky above is smiling bright,
 As tho' it said to grief "Tears fall not here."

And then I think how thou art quiet sleeping,
 Beneath the soft green turf thro' countless hours :
 I turn to the wild plants above thee creeping—
 Ah ! thy lov'd face looks up among the flowers.

Thou, too, art with me in the gloom and darkness,
 When the pale stars look out on the still earth;
 Then, when the very air seems lonely-hearted,
 I yearn for thy light step, and voice of mirth.

Yes! Thou art with me, like a smile in sadness—
 Thy dear form comes, all lovely as a gleam.
 Thou wert in life my light, my hope, my gladness;
 And now that thou art lost, my soul's lone dream.

THE BLIND GIRL.

DARKNESS where'er I go!
 Nor earth, nor sky, no blessed light for me!
 But a deep yearning woe
 For the bright things I never more may see,
 But which, like lovely phantoms, still remain,
 Haunting the veiled chamber of my brain.

And when kind words are spoken,
 Like holy breathings from a world unseen,
 My heart is well-nigh broken,
 To think that I can only darkly dream;
 What form may wear the sweet-ton'd instrument,
 Where Love hath all his gentlest music blent!

Yet mem'ry still is mine,
 And what lost treasure it gives back again,
 My girlhood's happy time,
 The forms and faces so familiar then;—
 And shining like a star through my dark night—
 Is one, who was as dear to me as sight.

It is before me now—
 Wearing the looks I lov'd so to behold ;
 The same calm thoughtful brow,
 And loving smile, that ne'er for me was cold ;
 'Tis 'mid my desert a fresh lovely spot,
 And one which even blindness withers not.

But, oh ! to feel, how vain !
 The hopes which came around us like sweet flow'rs—
 It almost sears my brain,
 To think through life such will no more be ours ;
 Yet, is it but the wreck of earth's frail bark :
 Father of Light ! let not my *soul* be dark !

THE DEAF GIRL.

He speaks to them God's word,
 For all are fix'd in mute attention now,
 And not a lip is stirr'd,
 But joy sits smiling on each gentle brow,
 And o'er each cheek has stol'n a brighter hue—
 Oh ! that I could but hear those glad words too !

A mournful fate is mine ;
 To live in this fair world, to see, to feel—
 How all things are divine—
 A deathless and pervading spirit steal
 Throughout all Nature—a deep soul, a voice—
 But I can never *hear* earth's things rejoice.

And, when young children bring
 Bright buds and flowers from the sunny dell,
 Where the cool fountains spring,
 And of their wand'rings in the green woods tell,
 I try upon their brow each word to trace—
 I can but know them by the speaking face.

I bow my head down low,
 E'en to the beautiful and quiv'ring lip,
 With a vain hope: ah, no!
 The rock hears not the sunny waters drip.
 I turn away, heart sick with grief, to sigh,—
 Unheard by me the joyful melody.

My mother bends to speak—
 I see her moving lip, I feel her breath
 Come warm against my cheek—
 How yearns my soul, but all is still as death;
 With moist uplifted eye she turns away—
 Alas! I cannot even hear her pray.

THE DUMB GIRL.

OH! for the harshest sound!
 To break this weary silence, and to be,
 Like the glad ones around,
 So prodigal of speech and full of glee—
 I am too sad my hair with flowers to dress,
 Nor can the mute one sing of happiness.

And when some childish grief
 Cometh to cloud their brow or wet their cheek,
 Ah me! its stay, how brief!
 For they in list'ning ears the cause can speak;
 Each word is breath'd more touching than the last,
 And when the tale is done, the woe is past.

But I must hide mine deep
 In the recesses of my own sad heart,
 For I can only weep :
 And, when they ask what I can ne'er impart,
 How weak, how impotent, seem look or sign!
 Ah! even words were vain for grief like mine.

But there is one, the best,
 The sweetest, gentlest, most belov'd of all ;
 For me she'll leave the rest—
 And oh! how gladly seem her words to fall,
 Tho' all unanswer'd by the silent lute,
 Whose chords are broken and the sweet voice mute,

And with a skill, love-taught,
 Will read my feelings on my varying cheek,
 Unlock each seal'd thought,
 And give it utterance if those lips could speak :
 Oh, my sweet sister! every word should be,
 A heartfelt blessing, and breath'd forth for thee!

SONNET.—NIGHT.

OH, Night! the holy and the beautiful!
 Thus let me catch a portion of thy spirit—
 Th' immortal breath that I may soon inherit,
 When this lone heart, of mortal sorrow full,
 Within earth's kindred breast lies hush'd and cold—
 High heav'n then, to my gaze, shall time unfold,
 The wondrous beauty of thy hidden glories,
 That now I have but dream'd, when purer feelings,
 Have triumph'd over earth's, in dim revealings;
 My imprison'd soul's low whisper'd stories
 Of its own native land: oh! when, once more
 Shall its ethereal essence upward soar
 Beyond the stars, that thrill with their own melody,
 Boundless, unfettered, pure—a fragment of eternity?

SONNET.—TO SORROW.

WHY hast thou wrapt me in thy sable wing,
 And folded me unto thine aching breast?
 Thy kisses do but give the soul unrest,
 And thy caresses are a deathless sting,—
 Yet will I murmur not, but silent lay,
 My head against that wet cold cheek of thine,
 And gaze into thy soft blue eye, whose ray,
 Though only known on earth, is yet divine;
 For thou art beautiful, e'en midst thy tears,
 That dim the hope-gilt pinions of far years,
 Though mirth and joyaunce droop beneath thy tread;

A chasten'd spirit thy sad voice imparts,
 Whene'er religion her soft light would shed,
 Upon our dark and unreflecting hearts.

MISSIONARIES.

ENTHUSIASTS ye call them! it may be;
 But 'tis a beautiful and holy zeal,
 Which makes them from earth's dearest ties to flee—
 Lov'd home and kindred for the stranger's weal.
 Way-worn and lonely, far away they go—
 Over the burning wastes, with drooping frame,
 But faith grows pure and stedfast 'midst their woe,
 And hope burns brightly as they praise His name,
 Of whom they come to tell the desert child;
 What reck's it, though they feel the golden chords
 Of life are breaking? they with love shall breathe,
 Into each list'ning ear the sacred words,
 Which fall on man's sear'd heart to soothe and bless,
 And shout a Saviour's name through the lone wilderness.

TO MARION.

How calm, how holy is that noble brow!
 And hath grief touch'd it?—but she could not mar!
 That temple of high thought is dim, but how
 Its twilight gloom steals on our spirit! far,—
 Far dearer than the brightest rays of mirth!
 And in the mournful quiet of thine eye,

Dwells not the selfish morbid woe of earth,
 But winning love and boundless sympathy;
 For thou hast learn'd how vast his misery,
 That, e'en when all seems bright with joy the while,
 Could but the veil be lifted, we might see
 The heart's fresh waters have a desert isle:
 Alas! for us and thou that it should be—
 But heaven must yet be won through earth and agony.

“GIVE ME THINE HEART.”

“Give *me* thine heart”—But oh! this world is fair,
 And cloth'd, as with a robe, in loveliness,
 And stars, and flow'rs, and music's voice are there,
 With all things beautiful to soothe and bless;
 May not earth have a share?

“Give *me* thine heart”—There are many beating
 High with each gentle and exalted aim,
 Where all of pure and good seem fondly meeting,
 The light of heaven o'er earth's dimness came,
 And one, more dear than all, the brave and true,
 May not *such* share it too?

“Give *me* thine heart”—But sunny hopes will spring
 Brightly within it, and unceasing woo,
 With ev'ry idol unto which 'twill cling,
 Holding love, wealth, and pow'r, before its view,
 And fame—that glorious thing.

“Give *me* thine heart”—And a few years have fled—
 The youth has faded, ere his manhood’s prime;
 Each fond and dazling hope has long been dead,
 And wrought on cheek and brow the work of time;
 Was that his voice? ere sleeping ’neath the sod—
“Take, take, and heal the broken heart, O God!”

SPRING VIOLETS.

SWEET things ye seem, a glimpse of the blue skies,
 The gentle summer time that cometh soon,
 Making earth radiant with all lovely dyes,
 With holy twilight shades and joyous noon;
 And wherefore are ye sad? ye who have made
 All hearts rejoice for the bright promise nigh?
 Is it, alas! that ye are doom’d to fade,
 Nor share the loveliness ye prophecy?
 Ah! early call’d, thy leaves with tears are wet,
 Yet scarcely need they prove unmix’d regret.
 While viewing thee, how lightly do I prize,
 The glitt’ring worthless things of prouder birth;
 Oh! let me gaze into thy deep blue eyes,
 And pass a moment from the weary earth.

SONG.

Oh! say thou wilt remember me,
 When I am gone,
 When the voice thou lov’st to hear shall be
 A silenc’d one,

And the hours that used to seem so brief,
 With woe are fraught—
 Ah! thy very soul is bow'd with grief,
 E'en at the thought.

I meant to say, forget me, love,
 And deem the past,
 A beautiful but fading dream,—
 Which could not last.
 May the bright years life has for thee,
 Bring one less vain—
 I would not have thee think of me,
 When thought is pain.

HYMN.

We bring thee broken hearts, O Lord!
 Poor, joyless, worthless, blighted things,
 For Thou, alone, can'st peace afford,
 Who com'st with healing on Thy wings.

Forgive us that we turn'd to earth,
 Lur'd by its spells of witchery,
 Nor, till we found them nothing worth,
 Gave scarce a passing thought to Thee.

But in the hour of wretchedness,
 When all fair things we cease to heed,
 We thought to lean on that lov'd world,
 And found it, Lord! a broken reed.

We come in tears and shame to Thee,
 Who, in Thy mercy, wilt not care

How shatter'd may the casket be,
If penitence is treasur'd there.

TO —.

And thou art in thy narrow bed—
Oh! calmly sleep.—
Thou'lt raise no more that throbbing head;
Nor wake to weep;
Thou hast made in the grave thy quiet home,
And the green turf covers thy weary breast,
On thy spirit no more the blight will come—
Ah benedicite! calm be thy rest.

'Twas summer tide, and few your years,
When you departed;
Alas! that e'en in youth we may
Be brokenhearted;
Then, what marvel you turn'd to that bright clime,
Where the flow'rs ne'er fade and the heart is blest,
For a cloud had darken'd thy manhood's prime—
Ah! benedicite! calm be thy rest.

“Oh! God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners.”—*Litany.*

OH! 'tis a beautiful fair world,
With its blue skies, its stars, and flowers;
Yet, hath its wind a mournful tone,
And clouds will shade its brightest hours:
Father of mercy! from on high,
Look down upon our misery.

The friends most lov'd, the fond, the tried,
 Are laid to rest, or sever'd far,
 And e'en in pleasure's hour of pride,
 Their absence comes its joy to mar :
 Oh, God ! in mercy, from on high,
 Look down upon our misery.

Our first young dreams, how beautiful !
 And each wild hope so warmly cherish'd,
 As years with crushing step come on,
 Have shewn they were but earth's, and perish'd,
 And in our grief to Thee we cry,
 Lord ! look upon our misery.

The orphan's pray'rs are breath'd to thee,
 For gone are they once wont to bless,
 None like the lost their grief will heed,
 Through all the world's wide wilderness :
 Oh, God of mercy ! from on high,
 Look down upon their misery.

Alas ! sin is the cankerworm,
 Which withers ev'ry joy below,
 And flingeth o'er the youngest brow,
 The dark'ning shade of thought and woe :
 Lord ! send Thy Spirit from on high,
 Each heart to calm and purify.

CONFIRMATION HYMN.

"Who worship God shall find Him : humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heav'n."

—*Young.*

FATHER ! we ourselves devote,
In lowliness to thee,
Imperfect and unworthy—
Though the offering be,
But yet in humble trust we come
To seek Thee gracious God !
While youth is yet upon our brow,
The path of life untrod.

Father ! we will keep Thy law,
Before the face of day,
With the spirits minist'ring
Of those long past away ;
Before our kindred and our friends,
The lov'd, for long-tried worth,
The kind and holy guides of youth,
Thy messengers on earth.

Father ! our hearts are beating,
With life which Thou hast given ;
Our thoughts are of Thy kindness,
Thy promises of heaven.
And we are nigh bowed down with awe,
As in Thy holy fane ;
While with our souls and lips we vow,
To glorify Thy Name.

Sad thoughts will come with visions
 Of our short by-gone years,
 So young and yet sin-laden,
 We've cause for many tears ;
 And, therefore, do we come to Thee,
 Thou Everlasting Rock,
 That we may find a refuge sure,
 From ev'ry earthly shock.

Father ! in Thy strength we'll keep
 The pure faith of our sires,
 Holding it in weal or woe,
 Till life itself expires ;
 And with uplifted hearts and hands,
 And heaven-directed eye,—
 Thy Blessing pray for on our lives,
 Thy Kingdom when we die.

LET US PRAY.

Oh, let us pray ! for the sad heart is full,
 Almost to breaking with its heavy grief,
 And nothing upon earth the beautiful,
 Can give the weary blighted one relief.
 Oh, let us pray !

See the glad light has dash'd the clouds away,
 And gives a promise of bright sunny hours ;
 But, ah ! we know not through the coming day,
 What tears of joy or sorrow may be ours.
 So, let us pray !

The sunshine all has past, and night is stealing,
 So quickly o'er the world 'twill soon be here,
 And the bright stars come forth, a tale revealing,
 Of the Almighty One who plac'd them there.
 Then let us pray !

Hark to the joyous laugh, the bounding tread,
 Which tells that happiness around it springs—
 Oh, pause ! lest we forget who crowns our head
 With gladness, and hath fill'd us with good things.
 Come, let us pray !

GEMS.

Oh ! bravely does the diamond shine,
 And beautiful the pearl's soft light,
 And ruby whose deep glowing tint
 Makes all things flush as with delight ;
 But, oh ! the emerald for me,
 The emblem of fidelity.

For hearts may change, and looks be cold,
 And other gems as brightly shine,
 But that dear one grows pale and dim,
 E'en as the frail heart turns from thine—
 Then, oh ! the emerald for me,
 The pledge and test of constancy.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

CAN any doubt such beings really are,
 Hov'ring around us in the silent air,
 And though at times remov'd, oh, God! how far,
 When the dark shade of this world's sin and care,
 Has chill'd the purer feelings of our hearts,
 We spurn at Heav'n with dread impiety,
 Yet do they not in angry haste depart,
 But patient watch the first repentant sigh,
 And when, with broken heart and falt'ring tongue,
 We say, in lowly trust, "Thy will be done!"
 They whisper to us of that heav'n above,
 Or prompt some thought of its pure boundless love,
 Which melts our hearts and fills our eyes with tears,—
 Earth could not purchase with unclouded years.

THE LEPER.

THE summer eventide—how beautiful,
 At this calm holy hour, is earth and air!
 E'en heaven itself of purer light, is full,
 And all the loveliest hues are blended where
 The sun has sunk to rest! how touched with gold
 The dark old cedars look in his last beams!
 And how the lusty grapes, beneath the fold
 Of their light graceful leaves, like rubies gleam!
 And the tall palm trees, on whose leaf-crown'd heads,
 The fading sunshine a soft glory sheds.

And I, the wretched solitary one,
 Debarr'd all intercourse and sympathy
 With my own kind, have gentler feelings come
 With this sweet hour; and less of misery
 Weighs on my soul; along the mountain track
 Not one lone traveller I trace; and now
 The sun's fierce rays are past, I can throw back
 My bonnet's broad flap from my fever'd brow,
 Look with unshrouded face on the bright sky,
 Nor dread its turning from me loathingly.

Oh cool refreshing breeze! 'tis happiness,
 To feel thee wooing thus my brow and cheek;
 Ah! how heav'n's highest gifts have power to bless—
 Yea e'en its chastening rod, would we but seek,
 Is gemm'd with mercies; as the gentle wind
 Steals by with its low murm'ring tones, I deem
 Some spirit breathes to me glad words and kind;
 And then, distinct and clear, as in a dream,
 Crowd on my mem'ry voices that were known
 When among men I dwelt, nor e'er felt lone.

Yes! 'twas not ever thus—not always wore,
 My limbs this rude dark robe of misery;
 There was a time, when these marr'd features bore,
 The noblest impress of humanity;
 The cheek, warm flush'd with health—the broad
 smooth brow,
 And proud curv'd lip that breath'd of hope and fame,
 Where all is but one mass of horror now:
 And clasping hands and kindly greetings came
 Where'er I went, before the dreadful hour,
 When friends and wealth were chang'd for this lone
 tow'r.

My childhood's home!—how mem'ry hurries back,
 To the lov'd spot where her best treasures lie,
 And even passes o'er youth's flow'ry track,
 For Life's fresh morning and unclouded sky,
 When solitude and sorrow seem'd the name
 Of things that were, but which men seldom knew,
 And not a thought of evil ever came
 To darken o'er the present as it flew,
 When, with a simple faith and guileless love,
 We trusted all things, as they *seem'd* would *prove*.

My mother's face, like to a dim pale star,
 It comes with many forms and scenes beside;
 Almost forgotten now its features are—
 I only know I lov'd her, and she died;
 But, often, yet, across my mind will steal,
 The low sweet melodies she sung to me;
 And, once again, her gentle hand I feel
 Amidst my hair—her loving smile can see;
 And 'tis, e'en now, a sorrow in my heart,
 To think that dear form did so soon depart.

Then, what a num'rous glitt'ring throng appears,
 Through all my sunny youth; 'tis manhood's dawn—
 The scenes of bliss I sketch'd for future years,
 Ne'er dreaming they would find me thus forlorn :
 How vividly before my mind they come—
 My lonely forest haunts, the busy street,
 Each nook and corner of my happy home,
 The dear familiar forms that there did meet,
 And many words—all idly uttered then,
 With mournful interest return again.

Yes! trifling things, which others would forget,
 Amid the present brighter ecstasy,
 Like tiny stars in the broad heavens set,
 Have rays of light and loveliness for me;
 And, with the palaces and temples proud,
 Comes many a lowlier dwelling, where
 Lov'd kindred dwelt; and 'mid the dusky crowd,
 One, round whose casements twin'd the jasmine fair,
 How would I pass it by, in hope, to see
 A well-known face, that oft did watch for me.

We lov'd—and after a few months had flown,
 So swiftly by we scarcely noted them,
 We were betroth'd, and she was mine alone;
 How bright with happiness were all things then;
 A little while we dreamt on in our bliss,
 And marvell'd what could add unto our weal;
 But ah! it could diminish'd be, and this,
 Howe'er unwilling, we were taught to feel,
 For while new hopes and wishes round us shone,
 Foul Leprosy had mark'd me for its own.

Oh horrible! it slowly on me came,
 Day after day the unclean fearful thing;
 And they, whose love for me was still the same,
 Could yet but half conceal the shuddering,
 That thrill'd their frames whene'er they looked on me;
 In each unsteady shrinking gaze I read
 A feeling of disgust, that would not be
 Wholly repress'd, affection, pity, dread,
 Strove in their breasts for him, on whose young brow
 They might be gazing for the last time now.

And she, my beautiful! fresh link to life—
 The firmest chain of all that bound my heart
 Unto this world, whose ev'ry look was rife
 With happiness to me, my purer part—
 My lov'd—my beautiful—oh agony!
 To think that I had won thee but to lose,
 For could I deem that thou would'st faithful be?
 Or for thy mate the loathsome Leper choose?
 And, yet, thy voice was still as fond in tone,
 Thy glance as loving, as I e'er had known.

And thou hadst given me that pure young heart,
 With all its warm affections, all its joy,
 And was I doomed to bid its mirth depart—
 Thy sweetest dreams, thy fondest hopes destroy?
 Why did I ever woo thee? why hadst thou
 Given to one thy love and happiness,
 Who would but darken all thy future now,
 And teach thee thy first lesson in distress?
 Why not recall thy gift? Oh! must there be,
 A blight shed on thy spirit, and by me?

At length came what I fear'd; they said I must
 Depart from among men—alone must live:
 Th' unclean accursed Leper must be thrust
 From out the city; they could only give
 A few short days in which to bid farewell
 To all I lov'd, for which I thank'd them not,
 'Twould but with deeper grief my bosom swell,
 And waken feelings I had fain forgot,
 And worse, I had to meet all calmly still
 That gentle one, who never dreamt of ill.

The truth from her I bade them secret keep,
 For I did hope that when she found me gone,
 Though those sweet eyes would for my absence weep,
 And o'er our blighted hopes her heart would mourn,
 Its dream of love would ere long be forgot,
 And some one, with a fate more blest than mine,
 Would make her's still a bright and happy lot,
 And where *I* planted thorns bid roses twine,
 While one bright thought would cheer my loneliness—
 That she I lov'd had shar'd not my distress.

How quick the dreaded moment seem'd to come :
 Forth I must go at the first break of dawn—
 Must leave for ever my glad boyhood's home,
 Whose hearth, without me, long would seem forlorn.
 Around my form my weeping sisters clung,
 All other dread in that of parting lost ;
 And as my sire embrac'd his first-born son,
 His once proud hope, now wreck'd and tempest tost,
 He blest aloud, in his deep agony,
 Th' accursed one, who could have pray'd to die.

The last farewell was breath'd—the last fond word—
 That ever those dear lips would speak to me ;
 The walls had long been past—no sound I heard,
 And took no heed of what the way might be ;
 My thoughts were of the lov'd ones I had left—
 Of everything, and, yet, of nothing long,
 For half I felt of sense and thought bereft,
 And without will of mine to move along ;
 Still as we went my guards stern silence kept,
 While o'er my brain a storm of feeling swept.

At length they told me we had reach'd the spot—
 The lonely spot—where I must henceforth live;
 My wild look of despair they heeded not,
 Nor one kind word of parting did they give,
 But bade me farewell with cold careless tone,
 And hurried off as nothing loath to go;
 They soon were lost to view; I was alone—
 Nay, I had solitude, disease, and woe—
 Yet, when the least faint trace of them had past,
 I felt each tie to life was wrench'd at last.

Sick at the thought, I flung me on the ground,
 And shut my eyes to stay the burning tears;
 From ev'ry tree there came a joyous sound
 Of birds and rustling leaves, yet, to my ears,
 It sounded painfully, for in my heart,
 All pleasant things were silent, and it seem'd
 A mocking echo, that would ne'er depart,
 Of what I once had been, and thus I dream'd,
 In bitter mood, full many an hour away,
 Nor reck'd how on might pass the useless day.

Methought I heard a light and hurried tread—
 How strange it smote upon my lonely ear,
 I knew 'twas fancy, yet I rais'd my head
 With a vague feeling, full of hope and fear:
 How reel'd my brain when I beheld the form
 Of that dear one, whom I had ne'er forgot,
 'Mid all the fearful waste of mis'ry's storm,
 And there she stood, dismayed to see me not,
 But as I flew to greet her, with a cry
 Of joy, she met me as in hours gone by.

What, had I lost the world ? No, 'twas a dream,
 Or it was all restor'd to me once more,
 For when I met the full and loving beam
 Of those dear eyes, all loneliness was o'er :
 My own betrothèd bride ! and thou had'st come,
 From 'mid the lov'd, the happy, and the gay,
 To cheer the desolate forsaken one,
 Who had none of earth's witcheries to pay
 Thy faithfulness, and beat thy heart to mine,
 So true, that thou could'st all but *it* resign.

Where were thy cherish'd hopes ? forgotten all,
 While those dear lips did chide for my deceit—
 Love's gentle wrath whose ev'ry word did fall,
 Upon my eager ear as music sweet ?
 Out on thee, selfish heart ! she must not leave,
 The busy scenes, the joys of life for me,
 And of each flow'r her future years bereave ;
 Long I besought, but little heeded she,
 For there are none, who can so hardly hear,
 As they in whose firm hearts love conquers fear.

We sat us down upon the soft green turf,
 And she did clasp in hers my lep'rous hand,
 Then thought I of nought else beside on earth,
 And did no more her loving zeal withstand ;
 Mine had not been a human heart I ween,
 If, when so beggared in all earthly store,
 Of treasure, it had yet refus'd to glean
 One precious gem, whose pure bright rays before,
 The rest grew dim, and which would cease to shine,
 If cast from this poor worthless hand of mine.

She spake not of the past but things to come,
 And o'er the future tried to scatter flow'rs;
 Ah! by Love's hand alone they could be flung,
 O'er such a dreary blighted path as ours,
 Though little faith had I in what she said,
 Yet for her sake did hope her doctrine true;
 My all of sunshine would by her be made,
 Blest but her voice to hear, her form to view,
 But she, unless her own devoted heart,
 Made gladness for itself, with joy must part.

Yet hop'd I it might be so, for she bade,
 Me look around the trees and flow'rs,
 The bounding streams, and dim blue hills, that made—
 A paradise of this lone home of ours;
 I never heeded them, or if they caught;
 My glance, there seem'd a shade on bud and leaf,
 Yet now I saw they were with beauty fraught,
 And all had pass'd away that cloud of grief;
 This tow'r was then my ark, with cold waves around,
 I now my dove and olive branch had found.

I never knew her hand to shrink from mine,
 Nor turn'd her glance with sick disgust away;
 Nor did her spirit for the lost ones pine,
 Though I became more loathsome ev'ry day;
 But when, with bitter thoughts, my brow grew sad,
 Would sing glad songs my sorrow to beguile,
 Such tones of heartfelt glee such witch'ry had,
 That I forgot my grief and learn'd to smile,
 And half reproach'd myself for feeling lone,
 When that I priz'd the most was still my own.

She made a friend of ev'ry bird that built,
 Its curious nest upon the branches near,
 And whose sweet melody, when bright day gilt,
 The mountain tops with light, she lov'd to hear,
 And lov'd the vine to fling its branches o'er,
 Windows and wall, and well-nigh make a bow'r,
 E'en of our lone inhospitable door,
 And seem'd the min'st'ring angel of each flow'r,
 Till half methought, e'en they did deem her such,
 And knew, and lov'd, to feel her gentle touch.

My beautiful ! whose gentle spirit shed,
 The gift of loveliness on all things round ;
 I mark'd with agony thy proud light tread,
 Ere long was prest less firmly on the ground,
 I strove to shut my eyes against the truth,
 And deem it might a passing illness be,
 For thou wert in the bloom of health and youth,
 And must thou pine with helpless misery,
 The heart's dread sickness, the deep agony,
 Which makes us feel, though young, not loath to die ?

But heavier grew her step, and pale her brow,
 Though still for me it ever wore a smile,
 Whose love but rent my heart with anguish now ?
 To see its gladness all had pass'd the while ;
 Now, too, she oft would sigh, and frequent gaze
 Mournfully in my face, and well I knew,
 Her thoughts were of the sad and lonely days,
 That would be mine when she had left me too,
 But not one selfish feeling of regret—
 Though loath'd and spurn'd, I was her lov'd one yet.

It was not that she missed the looks of love,
 That once were common as the air and light;
 Beaming upon her as the heav'n above,
 Nor yet the want of all things that delight
 The young and happy—music, dance, and song,
 Kind cheerful voices; mine though fond, was sad,
 With not a sound of mirth its tones among,
 And, feeling this, her own ceas'd to be glad;
 My broken spirit cast on her's a shade,
 And that, without its sunshine, could but fade.

Oh, my belovèd one! I saw thee pine,
 And could not aid—but ah; physicians' skill,
 Would have been vain for malady like thine;
 I was the wretched cause of all thy ill:
 If from its grief I tried my soul to rouse,
 And feignèd joy in hope to gladden thine;
 How soon the heartless mirth fled from our brows,
 Too well perceiv'd that shallow fraud of mine;
 Oh, wherefore not have left me like the rest?
 And deeming thou wert so, I had been blest.

She died: and when, as was their wont, they came
 From the far town to bring me food, and see,
 Perchance, if I might need a grave—the name—
 Had now a sound of rest and peace for me—
 Long I implor'd them, for the love of heav'n,
 To let her with her kindred's dust repose—
 At least a holy place of rest be given,
 And knelt and pray'd e'en till they gave me blows.
 No! 'mid their crumbling bones and urns of pride,
 They had no space for the poor Leper's bride.

How could they deem a thing accursèd, thou !

With thy true loving heart, whose constancy,
Outliv'd Life's sunshine and the feeble glow
Of earthly things, whose bliss is fallacy ;
Yet, thou in an unholy grave art laid—

No ! thy sweet charity hath hallowed it—
The hands you lov'd thy burial place have made,
And smooth'd the turf with care, and made it fit,
For thee to rest in, and warm tears are shed,
Like rain, above the unforgotten dead.

And the sweet flowers are thy monument,
And truth in them hath writ thy epitaph ;
They breathe of beauty, and to thee 'twas lent,
Of purity—and if aught earthly hath
A claim to such, it truly, love, was thine !

Their life soon fades, and surely thine was brief,
Nor unlike their's thy fate, for in thy prime,
Came the destroying canker worm of grief,
And those you rear'd have died, for hand of mine,
Could ne'er defile what had been touch'd by thine.

And only now I know what 'tis to be,
Living without the common gifts of life— .

My fellows, friendship, and society,—
Feeling the want e'en of its daily strife.

Ah ! all the bliss that fled away so fast,
Is buried now within thy rude form'd shroud :

I live not in the present but the past,
And the hereafter is an airy cloud,
On whose dark form no sunny ray is thrown,
But all is desolate, and bleak, and lone.

True hearted one! how I do miss thy love;
 There is no voice, when I am wretched now,
 To chase my grief, or its worse stings remove,
 But all things breathe of thee, e'en from thy low
 And lonely grave, to ev'ry blade of grass,
 Thy feet have pressed, making me feel more lone,
 And full of burning thoughts, that will not pass
 Away until this weary life is done—
 Sunset is o'er, and Day draws near its close;
 Oh Night! bring unto me Death's calm repose.

CHRISTMAS.

Oh, sweet-voic'd bells! that loudly sing,
 Of Him who came on earth;
 To ransom the lost soul of man,
 And give it purer birth;
 Peal forth! arouse the quiet night;
 And may all those who hear—
 Feel at the sound a calm delight,
 And draw to Heaven more near.

The heart of joy may be as bare,
 As is of leaves the bough,
 But He can lift the load of care,
 And light with hope the brow;
 Can still, as when on earth He trod,
 Bid the worn spirit feel,
 That if the world has power to wound,
 His holy touch can heal.

Christmas! thy joy unites once more,
 Those sever'd far and long;
 A smile of happiness thou com'st,
 The old and young among.
 'Tis thine to raise the gayest laugh
 Of happy childhood's hours,
 And mingle with thy holly branch,
 Some of life's brightest flowers.

Then, sweet-voic'd bells, sing loud and clear
 Of Him who came on earth,
 To win the sin-stain'd soul of man,
 And give it purer birth;
 His love it is still hallows thee,
 Though ages have departed,
 Who came to cheer earth's contrite ones,
 And heal her broken-hearted.

THE THIRD COLLECT FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

Oh, earnest prayer of love! yes, fetch them home,
 Dear Lord, from out the turmoil and the strife,
 And bid unto Thy Truth's blest haven come,
 Those heart-faint wanderers 'mid the wilds of life;
 Stretch forth Thine hand above the stormy wave,
 And from eternal death the sinking save.

Oh! look on those, the outcast and the lone,
 From whom their fellows turn in holy scorn,
 At whom self-righteous hands have cast the stone,
 And left to die unpitied and forlorn;
 Bid the bruised reed lift up its head again,
 And find with Thee repentance ne'er is vain.

Oh, prayer of earnest love! that turns its gaze,
 From all earth yet can show of better things,
 And seeking out the dark and crooked ways,
 Round which the vapour or the mildew clings,
 Spreads forth its hands to heaven, and lifts the cry,
 Oh, Father! look upon this misery.

For Thou beneath the soil'd torn robe can'st see;
 Thou know'st the windings of the darkest heart,
 And stifled good amid its agony,
 May in Thy sight perform a better part,
 Than some who show so brave in silk and gold,
 Yet hide disease and guilt beneath each fold.

And they, who, with the maniac's fearful might,
 Have flung faith, hope, and love, alike away;
 And mid the gloom of reason's darkest night,
 Deem theirs the glory of its noontide day;
 Dispel the cloud, bid them their madness see,
 And meekly own all wisdom dwells with Thee.

And Jacob's scatter'd tribes on whom of yore,
 Thou sett'st Thy love, and from the darken'd lands
 Did'st gather to Thyself. O, Lord! restore
 The love which they repuls'd with scornful hand,
 And let them know that they the Lamb have slain,
 Whose blood alone for man a home can gain.

SONG OF THE HUGUENOT'S DESCENDANT.

THE fire of persecution rag'd
 Against our fathers, fierce and high ;
 No human hand was stretch'd to save,
 No pity beam'd from human eye.

Men dwelling in the same lov'd spot,
 Who by their side from childhood grew,
 E'en nature's common tie forgot,
 And God's great law of love o'erthrew.

They suffer'd for the truth's pure cause,
 Nor shrank from violence or death,
 Scorning in that dread strife to pause,
 Or buy with shame life's fleeting breath.

While some of that devoted band,
 Though spar'd from death and tortures keen,
 Were forc'd to leave their native land,
 And ev'ry lov'd familiar scene.

They fled from altar, hearth, and home,
 Within the sunny clime of France ;
 And thy broad plains, fair Normandy,
 Receiv'd their sad and parting glance.

Through tribulation's stormy wave,
 God led them with His own right arm,
 And in this favour'd island gave,
 A shelter safe from ev'ry harm.

England! their dear adopted land,
 When first thy shores our fathers trod,
 How grateful must their hearts have been,
 How full of speechless praise to God!

Oh, God! our fathers' gracious God!
 When thinking on Thy love to them,
 Teach us to tread the path they trod,
 And love Thee, though the world condemn.

A DAY HAS GONE.

A DAY has gone! another leaf is turned
 Of our life's history. What do we read
 Upon its solemn page? Of wrong repair'd,
 Of active usefulness and kindly deed?
 Is it a register of good and ill?
 Or a dull blank that we can never fill?

How did it pass away? Like a deep sigh
 Laden with grief,—as a low bitter wail,
 Broke from our heart for the belov'd and lost?
 Did some glad hope that we had cherish'd fail?
 And suffering from the wounds of this world's strife,
 Grew we more fitted for a nobler life?

Or was it crown'd with bliss? Did some great joy
 Make the heart reel with sudden happiness?
 Or were its hours fraught with the home delights,
 Whose pleasant Sabbath calm does truly bless?
 Had it, for music, loving word and tone?
 Were smiles the sunshine that upon it shone?

A day has gone ! a life may have begun,
 That shall a blessing prove unto its kind ;
 Perchance another its high work has done,
 And many an eye with heart-felt tears is blind.
 All to the unknown end have nearer drawn,
 And to eternity's sublime dread dawn.

THE SKY.

I LOVE to look on thee, beautiful sky !
 That seem'st like God's banner unfurl'd broad and high,
 When the first faint dawn of morning light,
 Steals like a smile o'er the face of night,
 That brightens with growing delight till soon,
 Thou art flush'd with the proud full joy of noon ;
 And thy sunset glories that almost seem,
 A glimpse of that heaven of which we dream,
 When weary and faint the spirit grows,
 With the struggles and toils, the wrongs and woes,
 That meet us here, till they fade away,
 As night before the glory of day.
 Or when twilight comes, like the spirit of prayer,
 To hallow our joy, and sanctify care ;
 Or when glittering stars upon thee shine,
 The tokens of power and love divine,
 To tell us the darkness of human ways,
 Is still ever gladden'd by mercy's rays ;
 Or when of night's gloom thou hast scarce a trace,
 For like an angel's calm and radiant face,
 The moon looks forth in her loveliness,
 Earth's feverish pulse to soothe and bless.

Oh ! thou art a wonderful thing to see,
 Whatever thy changing aspect may be—
 Fair summer's soft blue, or winter's clear frost,
 Or when with dark storms thy brow is crost,
 Or the lightning illumines thee fearfully,
 And e'en in thy gloom there is majesty,
 Thou veil of God's temple, that spreads between,
 The holy of holies and earth's strange scene !

A REVERIE.

COMPANION close ! mysterious !
 When thy face was new to me,
 On that brow so glorious,
 Pleasant things I used to see ;
 A prophetic scroll it seemed,
 Full of hopes and visions high,
 That would brighten when they glow'd,
 In the proud reality.
 Life ! when thou and I were young,
 What wild fancies round thee clung.

Years went by, and as they past,
 Threw their shadows on thy face ;
 The glad smile was fading fast,
 Tears and frowns oft took its place.
 Then there came a look of care,
 And at times, with pain, I found,
 That thou could'st be harsh and stern,
 Marring ev'rything around.
 Life ! as on we toiled there grew,
 Less of love between us two.

Pressing onward evermore,
 Battling fiercely oft with ill,
 With deep sorrow to endure,
 We had gleams of sunshine still ;
 In thy joy I've deemed, to thee,
 Woe would ne'er return again ;
 In thine hour of misery,
 My whole being throb'd with pain.
 Life ! that so bright, so true did'st seem,
 Thou hast but prov'd a troubled dream.

Yet thou hast of holy gifts,
 A profuse and varied store ;
 Through the storm-cloud's jagged rifts
 Heav'n's own light shines fair and pure.
 Mid thy sternest conflict, life !
 There will oft the feeling run,
 That it is a noble strife,
 And that vict'ry may be won !
 And who will heed the gloom and blight,
 If from thy chaos God bring light !

THOUGHTS ON IMMORTALITY.

"For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world
 and lose his own soul."—MATT. xvi. 26.

OH, wealth ! thou art a mighty thing !
 A blessed power is thine ;
 Thou bring'st to wretchedness and want,
 Healing almost divine ;

But, oh ! take heed to thyself the while,
 Make no idol of thy gold ;
 Or poverty, worse than earth e'er saw,
 Will be thine a hundredfold.

Power ! whose iron heel can crush,
 So much of sin and wrong ;
 Whose firm yet loving hand can aid,
 The weak against the strong ;
 Beware ! shouldst thou a tyrant prove,
 And wield oppression's rod,
 Then shalt thou perish 'neath the glance
 Of an offended God.

Fame, oh, proud fame ! what human heart
 Throbs not at sound of thee ;
 And praise, won from the good and true,
 Well highly priz'd may be :
 Yet watch, lest vanity and pride
 Lift up thy heart, for then,
 Thou'lt stand a spectacle of shame ;
 To angels and to men.

'Tis but the soul—man's deathless soul !
 The glorious godlike thing,
 That shall sweep eternity's vast space,
 With an untiring wing :
 Though poorly lodg'd, though fetter'd here,
 In its lone sublimity !
 Can say to the proudest things of earth
 " Ye cannot compare with me ! "

SONG.

WHEN old feelings are revived,
 And thoughts come again,
 Which, hid like jewels in a mine,
 In the heart have lain ;
 Whate'er the magic may have been,
 A look—a tone,—
 That has summon'd into life again,
 Those treasures gone ;
 Oh ! how the heart doth melt to them,
 As at music's sound ;
 And we can but weep such tears as fall
 For the lost—the found !

They seem like friends we mourn'd as dead,
 Save in memory ;
 And marvel how life could drag on,
 And they not by—
 They who once made the sky so blue,
 Earth's things so fair ;
 And almost hate our fickle hearts,
 For the fault is there :
 In our woe we turn'd to each empty thing,
 That shone around ;
 But we clasp to that yearning heart once more,
 The lost—the found.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

THOU comest like a fair and happy bride,
 Oh, glad New Year!
 The future's unknown land before thee lies,
 Of hope and fear;
 But joy and faith are strong, and thou can'st be
 Content to know,
 That more than human love will watch o'er thee,
 In weal and woe.

There is in the clear depths of those bright eyes,
 A thoughtful shade,
 As if thy spirit felt the mighty trust,
 Upon thee laid,
 As knowing in the fairest earthly spot,
 Rank weeds will be,
 Yet leaning on a stronger power to smoothe
 Thy path for thee.

Thy life will be like to the sky above,
 Cloudy and bright,
 Sunshine and storm, and all the changing hues,
 Of day and night:
 Be thine the firm deep love that thrusts aside
 All doubt and fear;
 God speed thee; go rejoicing on thy way,
 Oh! glad New Year.

REGRET.

"Never regret that which you can or which you cannot
help."

THE words are wise and truthful ones,
That bid us not regret;
The past is past, and cannot change
The future woes as yet.
But, oh ! the bitter pang will come,
The burning tears will rise,
And the white lips with anguish dumb,
Writhe at some memories.

Are there not words we should have said,
Or none we wish unspoken ?
No chains of friendship or of love
Whose cherish'd links are broken ?
No good neglected or despised,
No dream of bygone years,
Thick on whose brightness, lies the rust,
Of unavailing tears ?

Alas ! we all are haunted by
Some shade that ne'er departs,—
Which comes not only in life's night,
But when within our hearts
The voice of joy sings clear and loud,
And hope her wealth's revealing,
The shadow of a distant cloud,
Across the sunshine stealing.

Is there no love-lit eye of which
 We think almost with pain,
 Whose glance we sometimes coldly met,
 And ne'er shall meet again?
 Ah! yes; the words are wise and true,
 That bid us not regret;
 But there are graves amid the past,
 Where we are mourners yet.

IDLE WISHES.

Oh! call not wishes idle,
 But workers glad and true,
 That often give to life's dull scene
 A bright and summer hue.

We wish some pleasant lore was ours,
 Some gentle gift of art—
 'Tis added to our wealth of mind,
 And lighteth up our heart.

We wish we had not thoughtlessly,
 Given another pain—
 And love reigns more in word and deed,
 The wish has prov'd not vain.

Or that we had of wealth and power,
 A high and glitt'ring store,
 To aid the wrong'd, the suff'ring cheer,
 And help the struggling poor.

If to the full such gen'rous wish
 Ne'er realised shall be,
 Gold may be won, and good be done,
 Though in a less degree.

We wish some fond true heart were ours—
 And with love's earnest tone,
 And pleading glance we woo it, till
 It beats for us alone.

How does the soul burn at an act,
 With lofty feeling fraught!
 Oh! if the wish had ne'er awoke,
 The deed had ne'er been wrought.

Then call not wishes idle,
 But workers glad and true,
 That often give to human hearts,
 A brighter, purer hue.

HARD LESSONS.

CHILD, fair child! that at vine-clad door
 Sittest, and connest thy lesson o'er,
 Still glancing up at the glowing sky,
 With sadden'd brow, and a wishful eye,
 Pining with free joyous step to roam
 The woods, and return flower-laden home;
 Then turning again with anxious look,
 To the dry task of thy lesson book,
 Wond'ring if aught on this earth can be,
 Weary and hard as that task to thee.

Child, fair child ! years will o'er thee steal,
 And each its marvellous lore reveal ;
 Many a lesson of truth and of love,
 Many a message sent from above.
 Thou'lt meet with pure and beautiful things,
 But such have ever the fleetest wings ;
 And soon thou'lt learn, to thy pain and woe,
 The best are often the first to go,—
 Sent to gladden, and teach thee to bear,
 The wild, rough paths of this lower sphere ;
 And bid thee not waste the precious hours,
 In gathering only earth's fading flowers.

Thou'lt meet on thy way hearts true and high,
 Dwellers on earth, yet fit for the sky ;
 Sublime in their true humility,
 Full of an earnest simplicity ;
 Enjoying the good, resign'd to ill,
 Against all things evil striving still,
 And with childlike faith adoring Him,
 To whom their life is the noblest hymn ;
 Yet such shall thy spirit grieve to find,
 Spurn'd by the base ones of human kind,
 Creatures whose thoughts, being chain'd to earth,
 Understand nothing of higher birth.

Thou wilt often find deceit and guile,
 Beneath honied word and angel smile ;
 Friendship and love that woo thee to bless,
 Marr'd by the rude touch of selfishness,
 Shall fade in thine eager grasp, and leave
 Thee over their lifeless forms to grieve.

If thy soul be noble, mean ones by
 Will oft make it writhe with agony ;
 Yet must thou bid thy true lip forbear
 The curl of scorn it would justly wear.

Thou wilt have to meet the cold glance of pride,
 Find sternness checking thine heart's full tide ;
 Till sad and weary thy breast will be,
 But of perish'd joys the reliquary :
 Or wealth and pleasure will on thee smile,
 With their bright rays, which so oft beguile,
 Alas ! yet nay, it is well for thee,—
 That full of hard lessons life should be,
 If one by one, though with toil and pain,
 Bravely they're master'd nor learnt in vain.

THE HEART AND THE DEEP.

As on the shore we stand, and see,
 The ocean vast before us spread,
 A grand unfathom'd mystery,
 What awe is on our spirit shed !
 The awe of rev'rence, not of fear,
 A holy and a lofty feeling ;
 And half we pause, as if to hear,
 The waves their secrets strange revealing.

To hear of boundless riches hid
 In caves of gleaming pearl below,
 Of rare and dazzling gems, that 'mid
 The coral's leafless branches glow,

Of treasures which the red storm wrung,
 From hands whose frenzied grasp was vain,
 And forms it could not part—they clung
 So fondly when death swept the main.

And when, in silence and alone,
 We watch the depths of our own heart—
 When mask and veil aside are thrown,
 And half its shallow frauds depart,
 We see pride lift it up on high,
 And care and misery sink it low,
 And 'neath the power of good and ill,
 Alternately to ebb and flow.

Bright things and fair as ever gleam'd,
 In ocean's caves, will there be found,
 Affection pure and deep, that beam'd
 Warmly when all was chill around ;
 With love's rich gem, that cold neglect,
 And adverse tides could never fade,
 And precious things lost in the wreck,
 Its passions own wild storms have made.

The great deep has its graceless weeds,
 The heart its mean debasing things ;
 Yet one contains vast wealth, good deeds,
 The other from its treasure brings ;
 Both play a strange and restless part,
 And more we heed, more shall we see
 How very like the human heart,
 Is to the wild and boundless sea.

TO MY SISTER SARAH LE BLOND,
ON THE
ONE-AND-TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HER
BIRTH.

WHEN years are in the future hid,
And hope and doubt, with eager eyes,
Would pierce the thick, the close-drawn veil,
Which hide their thousand mysteries ;

How sinks the soul, how reels the brain,
To think what trials wait us there ;
How bounds the heart, and throbs each pulse,
As hope unfolds her visions fair.

And thus it was with you and me,
Some ten or twelve long years ago ;
And viewing them with tearful eyes,
We sadly sketch'd them full of woe.

And yet our trust was high and strong,
Our hope was in the orphan's Friend ;
And, as each year pass'd fleetly on,
He brought us safely to its end.

And 'mid the griefs we had to bear
It softened half their bitterness
To think they were beheld by One
Who even out of ill can bless.

While e'en our happiest hours received
A purer glow, a brighter ray,
To know they came from Him whose love
Can never change or know decay.

O ! may thy future years be bright
As earthly things can hope to be,
May you in others find the love
And truth that I have found in thee !

TO THE REV. GEORGE CROLY, LL.D.,
RECTOR OF ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK.

ALL honour to thee, high and gifted spirit !
The praise, the glory, the esteem be thine,
Which man must from his fellows, aye, inherit,
When mind and worth their noble force combine
Our rev'rence to command—and both are thine,
Historian, poet, priest ! each name alone,
Must homage claim ; what then when all unite
The heart to win, the reason to delight !
Oh ! who unmov'd can hear thy eloquence ?
Which charms, and soothes, and elevates the sense ;
Nor almost deem 'tis given to thine eye,
To pierce the shrouding veil of prophecy ;
While unbelief, convinc'd from truth divine,
Adores the God who gives men powers such as thine !

THE LATE REV. DR. CROLY.

IN MEMORIAM.

Written after the funeral of the Rev. Dr. Croly, and suggested
by seeing a wreath of laurel, laid on the coffin, by some
gentlemen of the Volunteer Rifle Corps.

AYE, place the laurel wreath upon his bier—
The dauntless warrior in Truth's high cause ;
He served his master faithfully while here,
Disdaining ever in the strife to pause.
The weary, ceaseless war 'gainst sin and woe,
By his example still enforcing more,
His eloquence. Beside the ills below
He placed the bliss above, which shall restore
All human loss a thousandfold, and dim
Earth's proudest glory. Mighty lessons we,

Of resignation, too, have learn'd from him.
 Oh, preacher-poet ! though sad our hearts may be,
 They ache with no dread doubt, but feel that now—
 The victor's crown is set on thine immortal brow.

LOVE AND PRIDE.

A HUMAN heart, a wondrous human heart,
 Fill'd with strange store of good and evil things,
 'Mid which Pride dwelt and bore a lofty part,
 Although unfelt his rule, until one day—
 A stranger came in that wild realm to stay.
 His name was Love—a fair and gentle child,
 Who would have soften'd by his influence mild
 All harsh things there, but that stern Pride grew wild
 With envy, when he saw Love's growing sway,
 And with the beating of his restless wings
 Made ceaseless tumult and contention, where
 All had been peace ; till, as a vulture fierce,
 Smites with remorseless beak a gentle dove,
 So cruel Pride did murder holy Love !

THE PAUPER CHILD.

WITH shrunken form, and an old old look,
 On the little pallid face,
 O ! a sad and bitter thing it is,
 On a brow so young to trace

The marks of sorrow, of want and care,
 And even perchance of crime,
 And the reckless look the harden'd wear
 Who have past their manhood's prime ;
 Some seem as if within their soul
 An abiding place had found,
 But pin'd and droop'd in the atmosphere
 Of sorrow and sin around,
 While the voice that should be glad and free
 Hath a quiet mournful tone,
 And the faint wan smile is sad to see,
 For it tells the heart is lone ;
 And fearful it is to think that one
 So early in life should know
 Of this beautiful and favor'd world
 But its bitterness and woe :
 O ! little knowledge hath it of love,
 Still less of the tenderness,
 The untiring thought, the watchful care,
 That childhood is wont to bless ;
 Familiar with hunger, cold and want,
 In all its hideous forms,
 No wonder when all is dark without,
 If evil within deforms ;
 When living its small weak frame soon learns
 The hardness of toil to feel,
 When dead, is scarce miss'd, if miss'd at all,
 For its loss has sav'd a meal,
 Clos'd round by a stern high wall of ill,
 With misery for its dower ;
 O ! what can we hope from seed like this,
 But a blighted scentless flower.

THE WIDOW.

SHE sat alone in the silent room,
 In the summer twilight's pleasant gloom,
 Calm was her aspect, and grave her face,
 In which sad thoughts you might clearly trace,
 Clearly and true as the image shown,
 On some stream where the willow gazes down ;
 While the twin destroyers Time and Care,
 Had swept the gloss from her chestnut hair,
 And scatter'd among it their marks so white,
 The tombstones of joys that once were bright ;
 Her work had dropp'd from her heedless hand,
 For memory's tale who can withstand ?
 Minutes and hours were passing, but she
 Noted them not in that reverie,
 For days and long years, aye, her whole life,
 Came back with its gather'd treasures rife.
 She was once again a little child,
 In her old home 'mid the mountains wild,
 And youth return'd with its visions high,
 That sketch'd such a glad futurity,
 And love, like a precious jewel bright,
 Outshining all with its holy light,
 At once so dazzling, so soft and rare,
 Earth's dark'ning ills seem'd powerless there ;
 Scenes and events came crowding on,
 That she never miss'd the daylight gone,

And the moon arose and shed her smile,
 On tree, and spire, and dust-stain'd pile,
 While through the window a beam so sweet,
 Stealthily crept unto her feet,
 Meeting her gaze like a loving glance,
 And arous'd her from that mental trance,
 While the present stood in its grief reveal'd,
 Like the smart of a wound we thought was heal'd,
 She miss'd a form, once her joy and pride,
 That had left for ever lone her side,
 And a throb of anguish thrill'd her frame,
 And a thought, too, like a murmur came,
 To her aching heart at her mournful fate,
 So full of sorrow, so desolate ;
 Again her eye met that moonbeam bright,
 That reprov'd her with its holy light,
 And seem'd to whisper, there's One above
 Who guards thee still with mercy and love.

MUSIC.

O, music! voice of magic tone,
 Which, when the heart is sad and lone,
 Dost come like angel whisperings,
 Of holy rest and purer things ;
 On earth's wide breast where is the spot,
 Which thou, dear spirit, blessest not ?
 Ever in some fair shape thou art
 Soothing the restless human heart,

With thy fond tones so sweet and rare,
 That breathe around us ev'rywhere ;
 We hear thee in the summer breeze,
 In the glad rustling of the trees,
 The bird's gay song, and insects' hum,
 And when the glitt'ring raindrops come,
 Like tears by gentle spirits shed
 On the parch'd flow'ret's drooping head ;
 In childhood's merry joyous shout,
 And when the chill wind whirls about
 The fallen leaves, whose sighing tone,
 Seems like a wail for pleasures gone ;
 And in the cheering hopeful word,
 So kindly said, so gladly heard,
 When o'er the soul steal doubt and care,
 Blest spirit ! thou art surely there ;
 In the vast city's stirring host,
 As in the voice we love the most,
 Or the low hum of eventide,
 When the day's strivings all subside.
 The blissful murmur of the stream,
 That sparkles in the noontide beam,
 The whisp'rings 'mid the rushes heard,
 When by the fitful night wind stirr'd,
 The rippling of the moonlit sea,
 All eloquently breathe of thee !
 The shepherd's reed, the hunter's horn,
 And bells' clear peal from distance borne,
 Or when from voice and instrument,
 The full force of thy spell is sent,
 Who has not own'd thy power, and felt
 His very soul within him melt ?
 As if an angel's fingers swept

Across his heartstrings, and where slept,
 Aught that degraded by its stay,
 At that pure touch was charm'd away.
 In village church when hymns of praise,
 Heartfelt, the simple rustics raise ;
 Or when along the fretted aisle,
 Of the cathedral's splendid pile,
 The solem organ's thrilling notes,
 Like wave on wave melodious float;
 Music! thy sov'reignty's complete,
 And He in whose great name we meet,
 Speaks through thee to each heart and ear,
 "Be pure, be still : thy God is here."

STANZAS.

Oh, what shall I do, my darling?
 What can I do to gain
 A loving glance from those dear eyes,
 And crownèd king to reign,
 In that pure heart, so fond and kind,
 So earnest, warm, and true?
 Shall I traverse ocean's pathless wilds,
 And bring its spoils to you?
 Or gather all things beautiful,
 From forest, mine, or plain?
 I'll peril limb, aye, peril life,
 That gentle heart to gain!

Oh, loving one! you shrink with dread,
Of peril but to hear;
For gold or gem, if bought with life,
Thou thinkest all too dear;
More priz'd by thee are gentle deeds,
Unselfishness sublime,
Whose praise shall fill eternity,
Though scarcely heard in time.
The music sweet of household tones,
The sacred toil of life;
Love's daily worship hallowing,
The world's stern daily strife.

Ah! as I speak, I see my words,
An echo find in you,
My judgment of thy inner life,
Thy thoughts and hopes, is true,
Maiden, thou'rt right! thy loving heart,
Has taught thee highest lore:
Would that its pulses, pure and true,
Throbb'd to mine evermore!
Thy cheek is flush'd, thy timid eye,
Tries to meet mine in vain.
Oh, blessed hope! oh, crowning joy,
That I thy love may gain!

"There is no 'Home, sweet Home,
For the starving Hands in Lancashire."

[*Vide "Passing Events Re-edited—'Ladies' Companion.'"*]

"THERE's no home, sweet home, for Lancashire ;
No sweet home for its starving hands ;
But fireless hearth and cupboard bare,
While Famine remorselessly stands

At each cottage-door, with bony arm,
Barring out each dear household joy,
Shedding care and gloom and marring still
The good that it cannot destroy.

For if love, with its soft white pinion,
Intervenes to lessen the blow,
It cannot prevent the bitter ill,
Nor turn aside sorrow and woe ;

Nor from the heart of husband and wife,
Chase feelings of agoniz'd dread ;
Nor silence the lov'd tiny lips,
That are lisping demands for bread !

"There's no home, sweet home, for Lancashire,"
No "sweet home" for its idle hands—
Idle, perforce, whom stern, cold want
Has fast bound in its iron bands.

Father and God! to whom we owe,
 Our free and happy English homes—
 Almighty! from whom e'en earth's woe,
 In love and justice ever comes,

Give those who suffer, patient trust,
 Resign'd unto Thy will to stand;
 And may their happier brethren aid,
 Them with true heart and liberal hand!

DREAMLAND.

Oh! the fair and noble castles—
 That we build so high—in air;
 I can but think, without them Life
 Would be both dull and drear!
 Though beautiful are earth's green vales,
 Its mountains, plains, and streams,
 Yet surely there are things as bright—
 In the lovely Land of Dreams.

With what dear forms 'tis peopled!
 What changeless tones of love,
 That like a strain of music rise,
 Earth's harsher sounds above!
 There's no heart-crushing sorrow;
 No suff'ring toil or strife;
 No weary watch for unfound joy,
 In that blest inner life!

Oh ! ye happy, earnest dreamers,
 Who to hopelessness ne'er bow,
 But will see rays of holy light
 Upon earth's careworn brow ;
 Howe'er the worldly-wise may scoff,
 I will believe your joy,
 A gleam, a tone of that which time
 Is powerless to destroy !

SIDE BY SIDE.

SIDE by side we laughed and played
 When childhood had no thought ;
 And side by side in youth we strayed,
 When its bright noon had brought
 A glow of deep and strange delight,
 Felt, though scarce understood,
 While earth look'd, in that golden light,
 All beautiful and good.

And still the same in after years,
 We side by side were found ;
 Life's light and shade, its smiles and tears,
 Our hearts had closer bound.
 Bravely we trod its rugged ways,
 In hope, in trust, and love ;
 Nor feared the dream of youth's glad days,
 Would all deceitful prove.

Nor has it : we have ever found,
 Much, much of good in life ;
 And all its joy by this is crown'd—
 True heart, I call thee Wife !
 The same in soul, in hope, in aim,
 How blest whate'er betide,
 If in the changeless world above
 We're still found side by side.

SONNET.

Suggested by the Death of His Royal Highness the late
 Prince Consort.

QUEEN of the noblest kingdom upon earth !
 Yet now a woman desolate and lone,
 Beggar'd in that which made life's highest worth,
 And with Death's marring touch laid on thy throne ;
 Oh ! who can tell the bitter agony
 Which lacerates thy heart, in thy deep woe ?
 Our spirits well might sink with dread for thee,
 Appall'd at thy great loss, but that we know
 Thou hast a title more sublime than Queen,—
 Christian ! so thou wilt learn to bear with life,
 And, with a heart resign'd and brow serene,
 Go forth to meet its daily throes and strife.
 O ! widow'd Queen, thy subjects give to thee—
 Their earnest prayers and heartfelt sympathy.

STANZAS.

Oh! warp'd and narrow heart,
 That looking on this strange and varied scene,
 We call the world, can act a part so mean,
 And, sinking into thine own little space,
 Look in humanity's grand though marr'd face,
 Nor bid one care depart!

As if no cank'rous sin,
 Slowly and surely ate out the soul's life;
 No passion in the heart made deadly strife;
 No cruel wrong e'er wither'd hope and trust;
 Or dull, cold, doubt, like a destroying rust,
 Dimm'd all most bright within.

Nor the old serpent still,
 Whisper'd to human hearts his trait'rous lies,
 Blighting love's sacred fruit with blasphemies,—
 Nor disappointments' chill and wintry air
 Stunted and dwarf'd the soul's spring blossoms fair,
 Turning good into ill!

Oh! cold and selfish heart!
 Awake! arouse! dost thou not hear the cry
 Of deathless souls in bitter agony?
 Canst thou not see nor heed the anguish deep,
 The keen remorse that knows not blessed sleep,
 That thou dost sit apart?

Viewing with tearless eye,
 And unmov'd breast, sin's wretched countless band,
 Oh ! rouse thee ! Use aright that listless hand,
 Pour into aching wounds the oil and wine,
 Tell trumpet-tongued of hope and love divine
 And immortality !

TO THE MOON.

Oh, moon ! most lovely moon !
 That with thy sweet looks bringeth into tune,
 The rude discordant feelings of my heart ;
 Which, like a mother mild,
 Wins her unruly child,
 By gentle deeds of love unto a better part.

In childhood and in youth,
 I loved thy face, so full of holy truth,
 Of pure unchanging love and sympathy,
 Which shone so glad and bright,
 Whene'er my heart was light ;
 So soothing and so sad when earth was dark to me.

And gazing on thee now,
 And the mild lustre of thy queenly brow,
 Thou seems't the treasure-house of memory,
 And every ray of light,
 Breathes of some dear delight ;
 Which time with loving hand has given to me.

SONG.

I ONLY know thine eyes look'd kind,
 When care had almost made mine blind;
 I only heard thy voice was sweet,
 When none beside e'er car'd to greet—
 Me with glad words!

I felt, 'mid all life's loneliness,
 That one fond heart still deigned to bless;
 One friendly hand my own would clasp,
 And sympathy was in its grasp—
 Both pure and true!

Now when the storm from me has past,
 And thy bright sky looks overcast,
 Should I not meanest ingrate be,
 Not to repay thy charity—
 While life endures?

And, taking this dear hand of thine,
 Whose touch dispell'd each grief of mine,
 With holy love and faith between,
 To pass along earth's changing scene—
 True to the close.

HOLY THINGS.

How many sacred things there are, of which
 The world ne'er dreams, and which are only known,
 By those to whom love, memory, or death
 Has sanctified them! All unseen, and lone,
 They dwell amid their beauty. Oh! how oft
 We tread unconsciously on holy ground,
 Aye, and perchance profane it in the eyes
 Of some meek worshipper, who there has found
 Delight or consolation. Things that seem
 To us but dull and valueless, may gleam
 As stars in the dark night of some sad heart.
 Oh! let not scorn, then, play so bold a part,
 Rememb'ring that the meanest thing may be,
 Unto some human breast, a shrine of sanctity.

VOICES.

WHERE's the heart that has not thrill'd,
 At the magic of a voice?
 Been by deepest sorrow fill'd,
 Or learned with rapture to rejoice?
 Earth has few more mournful sounds—
 Than when, warm from lip and heart,
 Tones of love are breath'd by those,
 Death or distance soon must part.

Voices! in the busy throng,
 We are haunted by their tone;
 On the air 'tis borne along;
 It breaks upon the silence, lone,
 Of the hush'd and dreamy night,
 Like an angel's whispered words,
 Stirring, with a new delight,
 Our spirits' answering chords.

Strange ones oft in passing fall—
 Like a light touch on a lute—
 On the heart, and back recall
 Lov'd ones that have long been mute.
 Yes, in every human heart—
 To soothe, to chasten, or rejoice—
 Though the living tones depart,
 Lingers still some gentle voice.

SONG.

THEY say this world is full of ill,
 And fraught with dark unlovely things;
 That lips are false, and hearts are chill,
 And grief her shadow o'er it flings;
 That all deceitful is its bloom,
 And nothing true but the cold tomb.
 Believe it not, believe it not.

That, like the tints of summer skies,
 As fair but fleeting is its bliss,
 And all that's pure and holy dies
 Within such tainted air as this;
 That friendship's cold, and love is frail,
 And e'en the angel Hope will fail.
 Believe it not, believe it not.

For think'st thou, 'mid a vase of flow'rs,
 There's the same loveliness in all?
 And must earth have no sunny hours,
 Because on thee the shade may fall?
 And shadows do not always stay—
 The longest night must yield to day.
 Then heed them not, oh, heed them not.

TO AN INCONSTANT ONE.

THY voice has yet the same sweet tone
 That haunted me in years gone by,
 When on this heart, so drear and lone,
 First stole its gentle melody.

Kind were the words which then you spoke,
 And such to me were new and strange,
 And those light sounds had well-nigh broke
 A heart where grief had wrought sad change.

But now that joy has once more shone,
 And Hope's bright flow'r its leaves unfold,
 When other voices kind have grown,
 Alas ! must only thine be cold ?

I do not weep because thou'rt false
 My cause for tears is not so slight ;
 I weep to think that I should take
 The darkness for the light.

All will admire and love the flow'r
 That spreads its beauty to the day,
 But none will give it e'en a thought
 When it is in decay.

And it is thus with thee, false one ;
 I lov'd when thou wert good and kind ;
 Strange, that a love so deep should leave
 Such light trace in the mind.

I weep to think—ah ! bitter thought—
 Through all the past I have but dream'd ;
 I weep to think thy heart should be
 So very far from all it seem'd.

TO ———

I WOULD not have thee weep for me,
 Dearest, when I am gone,
 When on me immortality
 And hidden things have shone ;

And yet my heart would have thy love,
 As pure and deathless be,
 Alas! and if it were so, love,
 Those eyes must weep for me.

Ay! even thus it is, that those
 Whose weal the most we prize,
 For whom we'd bear the worst of woes,
 And welcome agonies,
 For whom our pray'rs are breath'd above
 More fervently and deep;
 And yet we ask them for their love—
 Ah! is not that to weep?

A FRAGMENT.

Oh! must that wild and lustrous eye,
 Unto whose bright belovèd ray
 I ever looked for sympathy,
 Now coldly turn from mine away?

Alas! far better would it be
 Were mine in mercy closed in blindness,
 Rather than they should live to see
 Thine all the same, except in kindness.

TO ———

Oh ! thou wilt be remember'd
 Through all life's future hours,
 Though youth still smiles upon my head
 And binds it round with flow'rs ;
 But half their loveliness would fade,
 And faint their perfume be,
 If this young heart was not so full
 Of hope's wild dream and thee.

Oh ! dim would be the summer skies,
 And sad the lark's gay song,
 Did not a thousand memories
 Come with each sound along ;
 And at the blessed eventide,
 When all are bow'd in pray'r,
 One thought of thee can make my heart
 Feel purer even there.

Yes ! thou shalt be remember'd
 Though all else are forgot,
 And thought shall link my heart with thee,
 Whatever be my lot ;
 Oh ! time may bid the green leaf fall,
 The lofty tower decay,
 But never shall thy memory
 Pass from my soul away.

TO MARY.

Oh! bid me not try to forget, Mary,
 I never can love another ;
 When but children in form and thoughts, Mary,
 You even would call me Brother ;
 And though you grew shy with years, Mary,
 Yet each day the tie became nearer,
 For the name but died from your lips, Mary,
 That your heart might give me a dearer.

And now you are dying so young, Mary,
 Yet the merciful One will give
 Me strength to resign even you, Mary,
 And the hopes that but with you live.
 I shall lay thee low 'neath the sod, Mary,
 Shall stand o'er thee stricken and lone,
 The sole wish of my desolate heart, Mary,
 Soon to follow thee when thou'rt gone.

I sit in my accustom'd seat, Mary,
 Facing thy vacant chair,
 And the burning tears gather fast, Mary,
 To see thee no longer there ;
 And I think of the old glad days, Mary,
 And the bliss that then was mine,
 Till my mother's voice seemeth strange, Mary,
 Wanting the sound of thine.

Oh! my spirit is growing sick, Mary,
 With the sunshine of this earth,
 And jars on my ear e'en to pain, Mary,
 The sound of its summer mirth;
 Yet I sometimes linger for hours, Mary,
 Wherever we used to stray,
 And wish I could mount a bright beam, Mary,
 And fade from the world away.

And when the sweet Sabbath chimes, Mary,
 Bid all meet in the house of pray'r,
 Though they are my happiest hours, Mary,
 I feel desolate even there;
 For I cannot but miss thy sweet face, Mary,
 And the praises so warmly giv'n—
 And pray when I lie down at night, Mary,
 To wake with thee, love, in heav'n.

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago, a year ago,
 What magic have the words!
 It is the hand of memory
 Touching the heart's mute chords.
 The old sweet sounds breathe forth again
 Of music long since past;
 Voices, whose ev'ry tone's the same
 As when we heard them last.

A year ago, there was a face—
 We never see it now—
 It may be, we no more shall trace
 The pure thoughts on that brow ;
 And yet it seems to meet our gaze,
 With all the love it wore
 For us in those glad vanish'd days,
 Which did so soon pass o'er.

A year ago—how many things
 Come in mournful token,
 That round our hearts still fondly cling,
 The ties we thought were broken ;
 Ah ! what regrets will rend the breast,
 What rapture bid it glow,
 While breathing o'er those simple words,
 A year—a year ago !

— —

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

THERE are moments, there are moments
 Of deep intense delight,
 When nature, wild and beautiful,
 Appeareth still more bright ;
 When the heart's rude murmurings are hush'd,
 And bitter thoughts give way,
 As flee the shades of night before
 The sunny glance of day.

When we see the proud and lofty trees
 Bow down their heads to earth,
 As if to whisper in her ear,
 "We thank thee for our birth,"
 The knee will bend that hath not bent
 Before, for many a day,
 And lips long unaccustomèd,
 Will learn once more to pray.

A moment, too, will often come
 A spell upon the soul ;
 When music bids us feel how strong,—
 Resistless its control ;
 And the calm subduèd spirit
 Boweth to its power,
 As before the balmy breath of eve,
 The fair and pensile flower.

Then the silver chords of feeling,
 At that charm'd voice awake :
 And from their halls of mystery,
 Deep thrilling answer make.
 Oh ! melody's wild syren strain
 Will cause the eye to weep,
 Which pride hath long forbid to mourn,
 Though the heart's wound be deep.

When the memory of other days,
 The dream of bygone years,
 And hopes, all wither'd now, arise
 But to demand our tears ;

When the moon her influence sheds
 On the mind's troubled sea,
 Then we feel without such moments
 How dull this life would be !

SONG.

Oh ! say that he may be mine, mother
 Oh ! say that he may be mine,
 For thou hast known what it is, mother,
 To bend at an earthly shrine,
 When all the wealth of the heart, mother,
 Its thoughts, its pure voiceless pray'r,
 With ev'ry kindly wish, mother,
 Are but fond offerings there.

Oh ! what is the wealth of this world, mother—
 Its hard and glittering gold ?
 Can it heal my breaking young heart, mother,
 Or warm it with life when cold ?
 Ah ! I see by that tearful eye, mother,
 You will no more bid us part ;
 Oh ! the heart can yield more than gold, mother,
 But gold can ne'er buy a heart.

STANZAS.

Would that my heart was cold !

And calmly 'neath the quiet green turf sleeping !

Oh ! who is there would hold

Upon a world, where there is nought but weeping ?

Such hot tears have been mine,

Searing the path of childhood and of youth ;

I yearn for some bright clime,

Where hope and happiness are link'd with truth.

Would that my heart was cold !

All my bright hopes have perish'd,

Like autumn leaves around me do they lie,

And those most fondly cherish'd

Have ever been the first to fade and die ;

Like some lone tree I seem,

On which the blight hath come, ere spring's departed,

When in their leafy sheen,

Are all, except the scath'd and broken-hearted.

Would the sweet flowers grew o'er me !

 LINES TO ———

Ah ! you dream'd not how I loved you,

And how my heart would beat,

If e'er my list'ning ear but caught

The light tread of thy feet ;

And, oh ! the joy that thrill'd my breast,
 Whene'er thine eye met mine,
 And never song seem'd half so sweet,
 As that dear voice of thine.

Then in the long and weary hours,
 When I was sad and lone,
 How was I haunted by the sound
 Of each belovèd tone ;
 And coming like an angel's there,
 Amid my blighting cares,
 I've listen'd to their music, till
 My eyes were full of tears.

And now to clasp thy hand, to gaze
 Upon thy face, and see
 Those pure dark eyes thus fondly shine,
 And all their light for me ;
 So strange the throb of happiness,
 I scarce its truth can deem,
 But tremble lest my voice should break
 That bright bewild'ring dream.

TO JESSY.

JESSY, Jessy, when we parted,
 Two long weary years ago,
 You were well-nigh broken-hearted,
 And would scarcely let me go,

Fearing lest thy absent lover,
 In far distant climes, should see
 Some face, wherein he might discover
 Charms to make him false to thee.

Jessy, Jessy, toil and sorrow
 Have been mine since that sad hour,
 But I still some light could borrow,
 Though the darkest clouds did lower ;
 Let the path be ne'er so weary,
 Thou did'st make it smooth to me,
 Reckless, whether bright or dreary,
 Hours fled on to bring me thee.

Now the mournful past is over,
 Once more we have gladly met,
 Thus my jewel I recover,
 Which I never could forget.
 Jessy, Jessy, sad we parted,
 Two long weary years ago,
 Yet they find us both true-hearted.
 Could'st thou doubt it would be so ?

SONG.

I NEVER care thy name to speak,
 Whenever there are others near ;
 I could not bear they should repeat
 It with light tone, or coldly hear,
 But when alone and sad I sit,
 I to my own heart whisper it.

I breathe it, and 'tis as a key,
 Unlocking all the costly store
 Of the heart's hidden treasury,
 Revealing wealth unknown before,
 Bidding some ray of bliss to shine,
 Though ne'er so dark this heart of mine.

It doth the deep exhaustless mines
 Of hope and memory unfold,
 With gems like which no diamond shines,
 And things more precious far than gold ;
 And yet, they are but thoughts of thee,
 The looks, the smiles, thou gav'st to me.

THOUGHTS OF THEE.

THE sound of thy voice has faded
 Sadly away ;
 The glance of thine eye is shaded—
 Gone is its ray ;
 And the heart, that so throb'd at thy footstep,
 Hears it no more ;
 Too wild was the hope that it cherish'd—
 Gladness is o'er.

Yet it is not, that thou art resting
 In the cold grave ;
 Thine still is the pleasure and sadness
 That life then gave.

The blue sky above thee is smiling—
 Bright may it be ;
 But in mem'ry only thou'rt living,
 Dearest to me.

They tell me proud fame is around thee—
 All speak thy praise ;
 Oh ! it comes like the brightness of sunshine
 O'er my sad days ;
 As a household word, familiar,
 Seemeth thy name—
 Alas ! can it be I shall never
 See thee again ?

Though brief was the time of our meeting,
 Like all glad things,
 Still each word that so kindly you utter'd,
 To memory clings—
 Still thy voice is the only music
 That earth has for me ;
 We parted, but ne'er from my bosom
 Shall part thoughts of thee.

SONNET.—SORROW.

WHY hast thou wrapt me in thy sable wing,
 And folded me unto thine aching breast ?
 Thy kisses do but give the soul unrest,
 And thy caresses are a deathless sting :

Yet will I murmur not, but silent lay
 My head against that cold, wet cheek of thine,
 And gaze into thy soft blue eye, whose ray,
 Though only known on earth, is yet divine :
 For thou art beautiful e'en mid thy tears ;
 That dim the hope-gilt pinions of far years ;
 Though mirth and joyaunce droop beneath thy tread,
 A chasten'd spirit thy sad voice imparts,
 Whene'er religion her pure light would shed
 Upon our dark and unreflecting hearts.

SONNET—FAITH.

FAITH, eagle-winged ! who, when the storm is high,
 And all earth's pleasant things are tempest tost,
 Canst soar away to far eternity,
 And feel the present in the future lost.
 True-hearted one ! who, when thy toil-worn feet
 Grow weary on life's rude and broken ways,
 Dost still press onwards, and dost bravely meet
 The face of sorrow with a steadfast gaze ;
 Who, when bright sunshine gildeth all around,
 Canst look on it with calm, undazzled eye ;
 Or, if dark clouds and chilling doubts surround,
 And fades each star of glory from the sky,
 Rememb'ring who the same rough path has trod,
 Dost stretch thy hand for guidance unto God.

SONNET.—HOPE.

HOPE, sunshine of the heart ! whose blessed ray
 Dispelleth half the gath'ring clouds of life ;
 Glad stream, whose sparkling waters freshly stray,
 Through earth's most desert wastes ; lov'd harp still
 rife
 With only joyous notes, whose golden chords
 Are never out of tune ; dear happy voice,
 That ever speaks in kind and cheering words,
 And bids the lonely, failing heart rejoice.
 A leafless tree, that's warp'd and tempest-tried,
 The human breast in mis'ry's hour may be ;
 But thou sweet honey-hoard dost in it hide ;
 And people it with many a bright-wing'd bee ;
 And if at times thy influence seems to die,
 Still with expiring hand thou pointest to the sky !

SONNET.—CHARITY.

RELIGION's gentle heart ! whose loving beat
 Gives the whole frame a true and healthy tone ;
 When 'mid the world thy heavenly face we meet,
 Though sad our lot, it seemeth no more lone,
 But is as if the Most High from His throne,
 Smil'd down upon us, and our spirit feels
 It is no fable that His Word reveals !

Many may walk in righteous garb, but thou
 Hast truth's own stamp upon thine holy brow ;
 Thou dost not gather round thee thy fair robe,
 When those that pass thee by are stained and torn,
 Thou hid'st the failing from the eye of scorn,
 Bearing in meek endurance evil's storm ;
 The Saviour's spirit still on earth in human form.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts, the soul's fresh breeze, which scatters far
 Its low'ring clouds away—blest gifts ye are !
 The angel's wing over the waters stealing,
 Which, while it troubles, gives the power of healing ;

Like raindrop falling on the drooping flower,
 Or gleam of sunshine 'mid the wintry hour ;
 The solemn influence of the house of prayer,
 Which melts our hearts, and tells us God is there :

Like precious gems that light the dreary mine,
 Or blessed springs that 'mid the desert shine ;
 A mother's hand, whose gentle loving touch
 Checks the proud will, and makes us feel it such.

And yet how oft, with rude unholy hand,
 We dash them from our hearts—sternly withstand
 Their pleading beauty, drown their music in
 Folly's loud laughter, or wild pleasure's din !

We turn our eyes from the glad light of day,
 Yet marvel that we miss its cheerful ray;
 We shut our hearts alike from sun and showers,
 Then marvel if those hearts ne'er yield us flowers.

Good thoughts! heaven-born ye are, and when ye take
 The noble form of action, how ye shake
 The whole dark world of evil in its pride,
 O'erwhelming it, as with a rushing tide.

STANZAS.

A FLOWER grew on a mossy spot,
 In a forest lone,
 Where the voice and step of man came not;
 But the glad sun shone
 Like a joyous face through the dark old trees,
 And the fresh bright dew
 Crown'd it with pearls, which the saucy breeze
 From its forehead blew.

It looked on the holy stars at night,
 And the solemn sky,
 And the low wind, sighing with delight
 Was its lullaby;
 Until, like a young child joy-fatigued,
 It sank to its rest,
 As fair and happy a thing as liv'd
 Upon earth's wide breast.

Oh ! wherefore should not our own hearts be
 Like that forest lone,
 With good thoughts ascending fragrantly,
 Up to God's pure throne ?
 Un-enter'd by hatred, wrath, or pride,
 By envy untrod,
 A temple fair, wherein might abide
 Charity and God.

SONG.

Nor for thy sweet glad skies,
 With all their summer clouds of golden hue ;
 Not for the spell of loveliness which lies
 In thy deep forests and thy mountains blue ;
 Not for the presence of thy sighing trees,
 So sad and spirit-like—yet not for these
 Do I love thee, Earth.

Not for thy scented flow'rs,
 Which make the very air a gifted thing ;
 Not for thy twilight shades and soft cool show'rs,
 That fall upon thee like Hope's whispering,
 But for a witching voice, whose low sweet tone
 Haunteth my heart, so that 'tis never lone,
 Do I love thee, Earth.

And for a fair loved face,
 Whose gentle looks of kindness are the same,
 Whatever change may come on time or place,
 It doth a dream of beauty still proclaim ;
 Not for the things in which thou dost rejoice,
 But for the mem'ry of that face and voice,
 Do I love thee, Earth.

THE LAST APPEAL.

(ILLUSTRATIVE OF MR. FRANK STONE'S WELL-KNOWN PICTURE.)

TURN not away ! oh, hear me speak :
 I will not keep thee long.
 Alas ! that words should be so weak,
 And love and grief so strong !
 I thought, with speech so eloquent,
 My earnest love to plead,
 That thou to tale so true and sad,
 Might'st give at last some heed.

But now my falt'ring lips grow dumb ;
 My looks they best can speak—
 Nay, turn not thus ; behold my brow,
 My grief-worn, haggard cheek.
 Oh, did'st thou know how night and day
 Thine image haunts me still,
 While thought so occupied forgets
 All other source of ill.

Dear one, thy pure and guileless soul
 Is Truth's own lovely book.
 I know thou would'st not mock my hope
 E'en with a single look.
 Alas! that sad averted face
 Shows sorrow for my pain,
 Yet teaches me life's deepest woe—
 My last appeal is vain!

SAY THOU WILT REMEMBER ME.

O SAY thou wilt remember me
 When I am gone—
 When the voice thou lov'st to hear shall be
 A silenc'd one;
 And the hours that used to seem so brief,
 With woe are fraught.
 Ah! thy very soul is bow'd with grief,
 E'en at the thought.

I mean to say, "Forget me, love,
 And deem the past
 A beautiful, but fading dream,
 Which could not last:
 May the bright years life has for thee,
 Bring one less vain.
 I would not have thee think of me
 When thought is pain."

CHILDHOOD'S WEALTH.

FAIR young child, with joyous brow;
And the merry laughing eye,
A glad and careless thing art thou,
Full of harmless witchery.
Yet, in thine unconscious heart
Lieth treasure rare and deep,
Which thou with jealous care should'st guard,
Else old Time's rude wing will sweep
Away the bloom from earth's bright things,
As year on year he o'er thee flings,
When the good grows dim of hue,
And the evil strengthens too,
Unless preserv'd thy childhood's truth,
With the high faith and glow of youth,
Chill and drear life's path will be,
Faded flower, and withered tree.
Now thou hast glad hope and trust,
Oh, take care they do not rust
'Neath the coming woe and tears
That will meet thee in far years,
Now thy heart knows nought of guile,
Save some little shallow wile,
And, like costly jewell'd cup,
That the rich wine filleth up,
It gushes o'er with feelings kind,
Love and faith towards all mankind;
Cherish them as parts of life,
Bear them with thee through the strife.

Ne'er let selfishness and doubt
 Thrust those guardian angels out :
 Hold fast thy simplicity,
 And the happy power to see
 Something of beauty, joy, or wonder,
 In all that dwells the broad skies under,
 In all that fills the deep blue heaven,
 In all that God to man has given ;
 And 'mid the crowd of evil things,
 That to thy fallen nature clings,
 Be sure thou wilt have wealth untold,
 More precious far than gems or gold,
 If, 'mid the world's loud din and strife,
 Amid the toils and cares of life,
 Amid earth's storm of passions wild,
 Thou keep'st in heart a little child.

NIGHT.

O, NIGHT ! the holy and the beautiful !
 Thus let me catch a portion of thy spirit—
 The immortal breath that I may soon inherit,
 When this frail heart, of human error full,
 Within earth's kindred breast lies hush'd and cold—
 High Heaven ! to my wrapt gaze then will unfold
 The wondrous beauty of thy hidden glories,

Which now I have but dream'd, when purer feelings
 Have triumph'd over earth's, in dim revealings,
 My imprison'd soul's low whispered stories
 Of its own native land ; oh ! when once more
 Shall it, released, on joyous wing upsoar
 Above this world, beyond the star-gemm'd sky,
 Boundless, unfettered, pure, denizen of eternity ?

LINES.

O, scorn not Love ! let it be e'er so lowly,
 Though worn and rent the garment that it wears ;
 Mid earth's dark things it may alone prove holy,
 And be the only smile amid thy tears.

O, scorn not Worth ! though on its brow may shine
 No beam of beauty, no gem's dazzling ray ;
 That brow may glow with love, when grief dims thine,
 And all thy summer friends have pass'd away.

Oh, scorn not Truth ! though to thine ear it seemest,
 With discord harsh to drown hope's melody,
 While it dispels some heaven of which thou dreamest,
 It may bring heaven itself more near to thee.

ANTIPODES.

FROM his first hour he breath'd love's holy air,
 Heard but its accents, felt its influence sweet ;
 Its arm was stretch'd to shield when grief or care
 Advanc'd e'en on life's threshold him to meet ;
 And as the years pass'd on, with footsteps fleet,
 Still peace and gladness walk'd with him, and time
 Seem'd in its early spring, and with the beat
 Of its bright wings kept tune to the soft chime
 Of hope's sweet bells, that rang out gay and free
 On the joy-laden air. His noble heart
 Gave to his fellow-men true sympathy ;
 He bore in life's stern strife a firm brave part,
 While faith made e'en death's arrow but the key
 That opes the gate of immortality !

Cradled in want, and rear'd in wretchedness,
 The fearful need of all things good and pure,
 With scarcely aught of earthly love to bless ;
 Unheard of, His deep love who can restore
 The halt and blind of heart, the dead in sin ;
 He pass'd through life, mysterious life, his soul
 Starving, diseased, and perishing within
 Its loathsome prison house, whose dread control
 Sear'd all its truer impulses, and gave
 Indifference and doubt for love and trust.

Omnipotent ! whose arm could burst the grave,
 And from Thy temple Mammon's servants thrust ;
 Bid the dead live, the wretched captive free,
 And fill the sinful heart with love for Thee !

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger
 doth not intermeddle with its joy."

O HEART ! poor human heart,
 If with thy joy no stranger interferes,
 Who then shall bear a part
 In the deep trial of thy woes and tears ?

Who shall unlock the chambers
 Where lie embalm'd the corpses of our joys ?
 Who count the scatter'd fragments
 Of cherish'd things that prov'd but glitt'ring toys ?

Who can take up the lute,
 Long unaccustom'd to its master's fingers,
 And rouse from the jarr'd chords
 The soul of melody that 'mid them lingers ?

Where the vile dust has fallen
 On things undimm'd and beautiful of yore,
 What hand, with God-like power,
 Shall all their purity and light restore ?

Dive down the cold deep waters,
 That roll in jealous pride o'er wreck and loss ;
 Remove dead leaves long gather'd,
 Though freshly o'er them now the green boughs toss?

No mortal eye shall ever
 Look on thy hidden things, sad, strange, unsightly :
 'Tis the Heart-searcher only
 Can know thy bitterness and judge thee rightly.

SONG.

ALL things fade, resplendent noon
 Pales into twilight dim and gray ;
 And the sweet wealth of flow'ry June
 Will perish ere the wintry day ;
 And smiles will fade away in sighs,
 And laughter oft sob-stifled be ;
 Yet 'mid the changing tints of life,
 One bright ray ever shines for me—
 The thought of thee !

Lone dark night has lovely stars,
 And soft pearls hide beneath the sea ;
 E'en 'mid the parching desert-sands
 Some fresh green spot blooms pleasantly :
 On the hard rock, or rude bleak waste,
 Tufts of wild flowers we still may see,
 Like patient smiles on a sad face ;
 And 'mid life's care is left to me
 The thought of thee !

SONNET.—WEALTH.

O WEALTH! lift up thy brow in conscious might:
 A wondrous and a fearful power is thine,
 To shed on earth's dark places joyous light,
 To speak in tones of hope and love divine
 To those who grope amid a moral night,
 Or droop 'neath sin and sorrow's deadly blight;
 To gather up earth's wild waste plants, and round
 Religion's temple twine them gracefully,
 Or from harsh chords awake a heavenly sound
 Then with clos'd hands sit thou not sternly by,
 Crushing thine heart beneath its weight of gold;
 But let sweet charity thy stores unfold;
 Think, with thy trust fulfill'd how blest thy lot—
 How lost, if with such gifts thou dar'st to use them not.

A REMONSTRANCE.

Oh! wherefore could'st thou smile,
 And looking like an angel all the while,
 Wear falsehood in thine heart?
 Why rear Hope's temple bright,
 And gild it with sunlight,
 Then bid its glory all in gloom depart?

How, with that glance so sweet,
 Where ev'ry holy feeling seem'd to meet,
 Could I have e'er believ'd
 Thy soul would feel a joy
 A true heart to annoy,
 Or was so dull it knew not how it griev'd ?

But I'll not let the shade,
 Thy heartless pride and vanity have made,
 Rest on my spirit long;
 Nor now, in bitter mood,
 Think none are true and good,
 Though one so fair has done me such a wrong.

SUNSHINE.

GLAD smile of Heaven ! that so brightly falls,
 Alike on palace-roof and cottage walls,
 Kindling to glory ev'ry earthly thing—
 Gemming the river's breast, and insect's wing ;
 Falling on forests wide, and making bright
 The thick dark boughs with sheets of golden light ;
 Gladd'ning the verdant plain, and flashing o'er
 The mountain's brow ; on the calm valley streaming ;
 Blessing the wealthy orchard's luscious store,
 Till with all lovely tints and hues 'tis beaming ;
 Taking thought back to the old golden time,
 Ere human hearts grew dark with woe and crime ;
 Yet teaching us, amid thy joyous glow,
 How much of bliss there still is left below.

QUESTIONS.

O, I would ask
 So many questions, but my trembling heart
 Shrinks from the task,
 And that I know no answer back would come
 To soothe me ; for all earthly things are dumb
 With ignorance, nor can such love impart.

I would ask why
 Hopes fresh and bright, though yet not proud or wild,
 So often die ?
 Dark'ning our life as with a heavy cloud,
 Having enough of earth to claim a shroud,
 They come to leave us, like some winning child.

Why noble things
 Are chaf'd to death or madness by base hounds ?
 Why trouble flings
 Its heavy shadows round the good and pure ?
 Why the strong shiver while the weak endure,
 And sorrow's moaning sea joy's isle surrounds ?

Why tears that fall
 Unseen, o'er wounds by scorn or malice given,
 Though without gall
 Or anger against those who dealt the blow,
 Through the long journey of this life below
 Are, to man's feeble sight, unmark'd by Heaven ?

Why hearts that make
 Divinest music in this untun'd world,
 Have their strings break
 Beneath its chill and warping atmosphere;
 Or some rude touch they are too frail to bear,
 Or by its storms their sweet sounds back are hurl'd?

But to them all
 Is no reply, nor will there ever be
 Till the stars fall—
 Till all earth's present things are swept away,
 And breaks the glad dawn of a brighter day,
 And then Eternity shall answer me!

THE PAST.

I do not ask the past to die
 In dull forgetfulness away:
 No! like some lovely melody
 Haunting the heart, still let it stay,
 With all its mingled joy and grief,
 Its budding and its falling leaf.

E'en music's voice is sometimes sad,
 And yet we do not love it less;
 Ah no! we cannot wish more glad
 Those tones of thrilling tenderness;
 And though the past may make us sigh,
 We treasure it in memory.

We ever with delight recall
 Its happy hours—its sunny days;
 And even when dark shadows fall;
 We sometimes dwell with ling'ring gaze,
 Or look once more upon its dead,
 Its fair hopes crush'd, its bright dreams fled!

FLOWERS.

FLOWERS, sweet flowers! that everywhere
 Meet us with forms so bright and so fair,
 When sultry summer, with loving eye,
 Looks on the earth from a cloudless sky—
 In garden, and field, and forest nook,
 Ye spread like a vast illumin'd book,
 Whose tints are fresh on every page,
 As when ye bloom'd in the world's first age!
 Jewels ye are, profusely strown,
 Telling what wealth may be our own,
 Will we but let our bosoms be
 Fit for the good God's treasury.
 Garner'd in costly vase, ye shed
 Bliss in the halls where monarchs tread,
 And cluster around the cottage eaves,
 Gleaming like stars from darkest leaves;
 Let heart be sad as heart can be,
 It feels a thrill of joy when ye
 Seem with your kindly looks to say,
 That life, too, has its summer day;

And ye broke through the rough dark sod,
To cheer man's path and breathe of God!
And earthly love, the one bright thing
Which sweeps the world with angel wing,
Asketh of you, dear ones, to speak,
Where human words are all too weak,
And whisper to the worshipped one
That love which dies upon the tongue.
To childhood ye are cherish'd toys,
Whose charm alone time ne'er destroys;
When round its brow a wreath 'twould twine,
It asks no brighter gems than thine!
Along the bridal path ye bloom,
And gather fondly round the tomb,
To tell bereavèd hearts that we
Are flowers of immortality!
Whether in dell or upland glade,
Or lone stream's side your home is made,
Or the close room of some dark street,
The sole bright things which there we meet—
Flowers, sweet flowers! so pure and fair,
Be ye hail'd as blessings everywhere.

TO —.

THOU sayest fifty years have flown,
 Since first thou saw'st our mother's face;
 Their shades are falling o'er thine own,
 And on thy brow their course we trace.

Our mother, she has long been dead;
 The lov'd, the gentle, and the kind:
 What stores of gladness with her fled!
 What bitter grief she left behind!

And yet, we may not weep for her,
 To whom death brought a better life;
 We, for ourselves should shed the tear,
 Who still maintain the toil and strife.

Oh! Death the spoiler, when he bore
 That much lov'd form from earth away,
 Robb'd us of joy nought can restore,
 Though, henceforth, life's one summer day.

And thou didst know her, when the hue
 Of youth and hope was on her cheek,
 When life's strange lore she scarcely knew,
 Her path, through it, had yet to seek.

A single year, within its grasp,
What countless, varied treasure lies !
What untold bliss it doth unclasp,
What joyous smiles, what anguished sighs !

And fifty years have flown since then,—
Oh, what a mingled history,
Might be revealed to us by them,
What did they bring to her ?—to thee ?

I will not ask ; for now, 'mid song,
Mid mirth, and revelry, and dance,
Thy words have swept my heart along,
And roused sad mem'ry from her trance.

My brain reels in a mental storm,
All round me seems to disappear ;
I only see one well-known form,
And it is thine, my mother dear !

TO MY SISTER, HARRIET SYBELLA,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER ONE-AND-TWENTIETH
BIRTHDAY.

My sister, may this day to thee
Prove the bright dawn of future years,
Oh their's may all the past's joy be,
Without a shadow of its tears.

Alas, alas, and so it is,
There is no joy upon this earth,
But tears must dim its radiance,
Ere we have scarcely hailed its birth.

But e'en, my sister, may thy tears,
Like those of summer quickly fly,
And only now and then appear,
To clear the clouds from thy bright sky.

Small is the gift I give to thee,
For only trifling things are mine;
Yet, dearest, I would have it speak,
All mutely from my heart to thine.

'Tis an old song of other times,
Whose wildly touching notes can bring
The cherished thoughts of other days,
Upon the mem'ry while you sing.

I know full well the proud and gay,
 Unto their scorn would it condemn,
 Oh! pass they on their giddy way,
 I thank God thou art not like them.

And when at last that many years
 Have traced their footsteps on thy brow;
 And when upon thy aged head,
 Life's wintry sky shall sprinkle snow,

May there be young high hearts to say,
 Be ours the path that you have trod;
 Oh thou who taught us first to pray,
 And led our hearts unto their God.

OLD FACES.

OLD faces, what a tide of thought and feeling do they
 bring,
 They take us back to childhood's days, to life's fresh
 joyous spring,
 They gather round us incidents, the forms and places
 known,
 E're yet a shade upon our path stern Time and Care
 had thrown.

They bring again the dear ones back who rest beneath
 the sod,
 We seem to tread with them once more the paths in
 life they trod,

Or sit in the old pleasant room and read some glowing
page,
Which still preserves the lofty thoughts of poet, or of
sage.

Old faces, that we lov'd to see, when life was new and
strange,
Things may have alter'd much with us, but they have
known no change,
They wear the very looks of yore, for we have walk'd
with time,
And those we then thought old have scarce grown
older in our prime.

It may be they recall events which gave to all the
years
Of youth their happiness, or dimm'd them with its
first sad tears :
We hold the clasping hand again, and feel its touch
restore
The buried treasures which we thought never to look
on more.

They are the sunny gleams that break from out a
cloudy sky,
Which make us all forget the gloom and show'r just
passèd by,
Life has no joy, (and it has much with all its care and
woe,)
Like that of meeting some kind face we have known
long ago.

A CAROL FOR THE CHRISTMAS OF 1847.

Ho ! a merry shout for Christmas,
 He cometh in His pride,
 Then a welcome ho ! for Christmas
 Unto his bright fireside ;
 For dear he is to ev'ry heart,
 From childhood in its glee,
 To old age in its waning strength—
 The green and wither'd tree.

Ho, shout ! for in his train appear
 Many a joyous hour,
 And smile, and jest, and hearty laugh,
 O'er which care hath no pow'r,
 And on his noble brow he wears
 The holly wreath renown'd,
 With the leaves that reflect his mirth
 'Tis meet he should be crown'd ;

He comes, with glad and fearless tread,
 O'er his white path of snow,
 And young eyes brightly glance to see
 His sacred misletoe ;
 He comes, with strains of music gay,
 With revelry and song :
 Then greet him on his festive way,
 With shoutings loud and long.

Hush ! hush, let ev'ry voice sink low,
 Let ev'ry head be bare,
 Each knee unto the ground be bent,
 Each lip be fraught with prayer.
 The year now hast'ning to its close
 Has felt God's chast'ning hand,
 And 'twas His boundless love alone,
 That sav'd our stricken land.

For 'mid this year's eventful days
 Were *Two* that well may be,
 Shrin'd with the best and dearest things
 Of each one's memory.
 The first, when the whole nation bow'd
 In penitence and prayer ;
 The second, when thanksgivings deep
 And warm, rose on the air.

And even now, though o'er our heads
 Some dark clouds still may low'r,
 Let us trust, for their dispersing,
 Unto the same High Pow'r ;
 O ! do not doubt but as the past,
 The future yet will be,
 If we but learn its lesson right,
 And look, good God, to Thee !

Then shout, but mingled with that cry
 O ! let the fresh wind bear,
 To Heav'n, some grateful words of praise,
 Some lowly murmur'd prayer ;

Ho ! a heartfelt shout for Christmas,
 That ev'ry one may hear,—
 But think of Him who sanctifies
 This glad time of the year.

THE MISER.

O GOLD ! O gold ! bright cherish'd gold !
 He lov'd it as a boy,
 Its glitter pleas'd his infant eye,
 'Twas childhood's darling toy ;
 He claspt it close till in his breast,
 It chill'd the warmth of youth,
 He car'd not—freely gave for it,
 Affection, honour, truth !
 He coldly loosen'd friendship's grasp,
 He spurn'd a gentle heart,
 From whose pure loving faith he might
 Have learn'd a better part ;
 It sunk into his inmost soul,
 It wither'd his heart until
 Its shrunken fold no good could hold,
 For that absorbing ill ;
 And those most near, who should be dear,
 Were held as nought by him,
 What matter if they pin'd with want,
 Or grief their eye made dim :
 He could not part with one dear coin,
 His fellow man to cheer,

Not one small coin, though it should buy
 The widow's grateful tear :
 His pulse was calm, his ear was dull,
 Though on the startled air,
 Came the low wail of misery,
 The wild shriek of despair ;
 And words to him were idle things,
 Unless of wealth they told,
 Mountain and forest, sea and sky,
 Were blotted out by Gold !
 'Till earth held but one gift for him,
 Within its narrow bound,
 And heav'n became an empty dream,
 A strange unmeaning sound ;
 Death found him dreading but the loss
 Of what he priz'd so much,
 Which in his need its true form took,
 And faded from his touch.
 Oh, the bright gold ! that in his hand,
 His soul from bliss had riv'n,
 It might have been as angels' wings,
 To bear him up to heav'n.

THE STARS.

BRIGHT Stars, that beam upon us like the eyes
 Of watchful seraphim ; in your clear ways
 So pure and beautiful a power lies,
 To soothe and cheer when in the dusty ways

Of the hard toiling day the soul grows faint,
 And the heart weary ; as we look on, ye
 Gentle reprovers, hush'd is every plaint
 And fretful murmur of our misery ;
 Ye seem to say that He whose mighty hand
 Form'd you in loveliness, regards us still,
 Though we have oft neglected His command,
 And stain'd our soul with falsehood, doubt, and ill—
 Ye whisper of our birthright in the skies,
 And lift our thoughts from earth with all its vanities.

SONG.

I HAVE no lands, I have no gold,
 Nor woolly flock in crowded fold,
 My only off'ring, love, will be,
 A heart that throbs and beats for thee !

I cannot bring thee jewels rare,
 To shine like stars in thy dark hair ;
 The wild rose and the hawthorn sweet
 Shall make for thee a chaplet meet.

Nor have I chains of gold to deck
 Thy snowy arms and graceful neck :
 No ! dearest, all thy chains must be
 Such only as love weaves for thee.

For I have neither land nor gold,
 Nor woolly flock in crowded fold;
 A heart that throbs and beats for thee,
 My only off'ring, love, will be!

"THE GENTLE WARNING."

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE BY FRANK STONE.

ALAS, my heart! and yet I know
 It should be glad to see thee so;
 But that the past's dark trouble flings
 Its shadow upon present things.
 I have grown wise in sorrow's lore;
 And nought on earth can now restore
 That happy ignorance which made
 Youth's hours so bright. I've grown afraid
 Of all fair things, and deem they wear
 A mask that covers guile or care.
 And yet it is not so with thee:
 Thy heart is true as heart should be,
 And I was cruel, selfish, wrong,
 To chill it when its pulse beat strong
 With joy and love! and even now
 Sorrow for me has dimmed thy brow:
 And deep regret pervades thy heart,
 That bliss of thine should make mine smart.

Thy falt'ring lip could scarce express
 Its tale of mighty happiness :
 And ere it well was told, I threw
 Gloom o'er thy spirit's radiant hue ;
 And while it soar'd in holy trust,
 Could clog its wing with earthly dust.
 Yet not a word I spoke alone :
 My clasping hand, my glance made known
 The warning soon revealed to thee
 By thy true soul's quick sympathy !
 Forgive me ! soon will pass away
 Sad thought from thee ; and I will pray
 That grief may ne'er be known to thee,
 But by the gloom shed over me.

HUMAN MIGHT.

WE talk of human weakness oft, but do we it no wrong
 In speaking thus, as if it ne'er had noble hearts and
 strong ?
 True, there are frail and failing ones, who, like the ivy,
 cling
 Through life with childhood's helplessness unto the
 nearest thing,
 Who shape their spirit's character from those 'mid whom
 they dwell,
 And would as soon act base and mean as steadfastly and
 well ;

Just as the moral atmosphere that's round about them
 thrown,
 May give unto their heart and mind a false or healthy
 tone.

But are there none of higher mould, who, like a lofty
 tower,
 Rise high above life's changing sea, with more than
 regal power ?
 Who, let the winds be rude and keen, the raging waves
 beat high,
 Can meet the storm with dauntless front, with calm
 unflinching eye,
 And as bark after bark goes down which the heart's
 riches fill,
 Yield not themselves to useless grief, ne'er bow as slaves
 to ill,
 But gather all their energies, nor ever cease to strive,
 Till in the sunshine of success their noble efforts thrive,
 And they, with grateful glance to heaven shew to the
 whole earth's sight,
 The glory and the majesty of fearless human might.

Some tread a dull and weary road, where scarce a flower
 springs,
 And seldom hope across their path a ray of gladness
 flings ;
 They hear around the world's loud voice, its laughter
 and its mirth,
 They see the light and shadow pass in beauty o'er the
 earth,
 Yet calm and steadily toil on, till life's last days depart,
 Without a murmur on their lips, or anger at their heart ;

And who whene'er temptation comes, their spirit's calm
to blight,
Their true right hand will fling it off with firm and
noble might.

Are there no gifted ones, who pass through life ne'er
understood,
Who have to shut in their own breasts their costly boons
of good ?
Because the cold dull throng around cannot discern the
worth
Of wealth which does not bear the old familiar stamp
of earth ;
High thoughts and generous feelings, like fountains
fresh and clear ;
They see spring up within their souls, but them alone
to cheer ;
They mourn above the lovely things that are but born die
Unknown, beneath the deadly chill and want of
sympathy,
And yet will tread their lonely path of strange unshared
delight,
Will bear indifference and scorn e'en with a giant's
might.

Are there not griefs that fall on hearts like blight upon
the flowers,
No curling lips, no taunting words within this world of
ours ?
Are there no aching wounds, that lie unseen within the
soul ?
No burning throbs of agony, which yet have own'd
controul ?

No hand that smites in wantonness, yet feels no blow
 again?
 No reptiles that delight to sting, and yet uncrush'd
 remain?
 If such things are—and are they not?—say, is it always
 right,
 With mocking lip and doubting heart to speak of
 human might?

MEMORY.

THOU guardian angel of life's precious things!
 When thou dost in our hearts some dear joy see,
 Thou gather'st it beneath thine holy wings,
 And gildest it with immortality,
 So that of bliss we ne'er can beggar'd be,
 For thou hast still some flower, pure and fair,
 To bloom 'mid the bleak waste of misery,
 And soothe with its sweet balm the cruel air;
 Stern time, with chilly and destroying breath,
 Tarnishes not thy jewels, but they wear
 Lustrous as when first won, 'till ruthless death
 Sweeps every treasure from thy gentle care;
 E'en sorrow's self we scarcely feel as such,
 But look back on her face when soften'd by thy touch.

WARM HEARTS.

WARM hearts—O brave warm hearts!
 That chill not 'mid the world's bleak wintry air,
 Theirs is a holy part—
 Bright cherishers of hope—soothers of care!

How quick their pulses beat
 To aught that hath a high or loving tone !
 How do they bound to meet
 All noble things, and make them each their own ?

When sunshine brightly falls
 Upon them, they rejoice with childlike mirth ;
 When trouble sternly calls,
 They meekly follow through the darken'd earth.

Yet e'en at sorrow's side,
 They still will cherish dreams of brighter days ;
 Nor let her dark form hide
 Heaven's rainbow from their glad believing gaze.

Warm hearts ! that will not give
 A moment's shelter to the false or base,
 Where Envy cannot live,
 And cold Distrust will never find a place !

Theirs is the ready tear,
 Or smile of sympathy, the earnest tone
 Which never fails to cheer,
 With its true music, feel we ne'er so lone.

Warm hearts—O brave warm hearts !
 That chill not 'mid the world's bleak wintry air,
 Theirs is a holy part—
 Bright cherishers of hope—soothers of care !

SAD THINGS.

I've walk'd the earth with feet that trod
 It with a thankful fond delight;
 I even lov'd its fresh green sod—
 Its sky so beautiful and bright—
 Its changing sky, whate'er its mood,
 Star-gemm'd or sunny, as might be;
 Or, if dark clouds did o'er it brood,
 'Twas still the veil of heaven to me.

I hope I've never turn'd aside,
 With sullen heart, from any joy;
 And good is thickly sown around,
 Despite the cankers that destroy:
 Yet oh! however bright and fair,
 With light and flowers, our path may be,
 Dark spots and weeds will meet us there,
 To show how strong is misery.

And as we tread this wondrous road,
 That leads us to a brighter sphere,
 How oft will trouble's heavy load
 Make a fair pathway hard and drear!
 Though our own hearts may gladly beat
 To pleasure's strain, in those around
 We oft shall throbs of anguish meet,
 To pain us with their harsher sound.

To see a step that should be light,
 Go slow and wearily along;
 And young hearts drooping 'neath the blight
 Of hopes that once were fresh and strong;

And chill dark shadows on a soul
 That full of pure clear light should be ;
 And good dwarf'd by the harsh control
 Of demon-vice and misery ;

And warm hearts that, like glad waves, beat
 Against the stern cold rocks around,
 That mock their effort's rude defeat,
 Nor heed their dying murmur's sound ;
 And lofty thoughts, like bright plum'd wings,
 That try to reach the cloudless heaven,
 But, check'd and clipp'd by baser things,
 Back to the scorning earth are driven—

Oh, surely these are mournful sights,
 That well may make the heart grow sad,
 E'en when its chords thrill with delight,
 And breathe forth music sweet and glad ;
 The clouds upon earth's summer sky—
 The tears upon her lovely face—
 That make us think, without a sigh,
 This world is not our resting place.

DEVOTION.

THY hands are clasped in prayer, thy brow is turned
 Upward, to the great source of life and love,
 And, as if with rapt thought thy spirit burned,
 A glow is on thy cheek, while meek as dove

Newly made desolate, yet deep and high
 As eagle's earnest glance, thy steadfast eye
 Seems piercing farthest heaven, whose holy calm
 Has bathed thy very heart with its sweet balm,
 And breathed such gentle influence on thy soul,
 That every feeling yields to its control ;
 Each harsh and angry thought away is swept,
 And care lies hushed as if 't had ever slept,
 While trusting love is felt, as surely there,
 As when a mother's hand steals fondly through thine
 hair.

THE OLD PEW.

Oh ! the old pew at church, where in childhood I sat,
 With its warm crimson cushions, and rush-woven mat,
 In each act and each feeling of life 't has borne part,
 It is link'd with my memory, shrined in my heart.

When first a young thing, on the seat perch'd, I stood,
 And was coax'd with a sweetmeat or cake to be good ;
 Many times, with a run and a bump, I came down,
 Which caused some to smile, and made others half frown.

Even now through the distance of long changeeful years,
 I oft think, with a smile that is yet dimm'd by tears,
 How I must thy meek spirit, dear mother, have tried,
 When brimful of mischief, pressing close to thy side,

I pull'd the soft fur from thy mantle, then blew
 The light pieces aloft, which attracting thy view
 Towards my own laughing glance, turn'd thy grave
 gentle face,
 Where the look of reproof strangely seem'd out of place.

Ah! gay thoughtless child, though my light footsteps trod,
 Unrestrain'd and unawed, in the house of my God,
 When years knowledge brought, was it not a worse part
 To walk there with hush'd tread, but a murmuring heart?

E'en the bright dreams of youth caught a purer tone there,
 And when first my heart learnt the stern lesson of care,
 'Mid the storm and the darkness of earth's bitter grief,
 I still there ever found for my sorrow relief.

Alas! both my loved Parents from life have now past,
 And change too, time's shadow, a dark gloom has cast
 O'er that spot, where for loved ones in vain I now search;
 Oh! a sad alter'd place is the old pew at church.

But, though changed in its aspect, the same as of yore
 Is its power the heart's vanish'd peace to restore;
 And the blest words there heard, and the holy hymns
 sung,
 Are the same as on childhood's delighted ear rung.

When the organ's rich notes through the aisles float along,
 I oft deem angel voices are mingling among,
 And helping their music. Oh! in vain may we search
 For so hallow'd a spot as the old pew at church.

TO MY NIECE HARRIET TURNER,

ON HER ATTAINING HER THIRD YEAR.

THREE years thy little feet this earth have trod,
 Three steps you've taken on the stage of life,
 And dark mortality, with iron rod,
 Thus soon would bid thee feel its woe and strife,
 But that its cares, (it hath them e'en for thee)
 Are scarcely felt in the vast novelty,
 Which gildeth all things now ; but when apace
 The stranger life, wears a familiar face
 And its hues fade, oh, may'st thou prove God's child!
 A worthy member of thy Saviour Lord,
 And may the Holy Ghost, with influence mild,
 Breathe on thy soul, attuning every chord
 Of thy young heart to holy music, 'till
 Its ev'ry pulse shall vibrate to God's will.

 LINES

ON THE BAPTISM OF MY NIECE AND GOD-DAUGHTER,
 HARRIET TURNER.

Minister. Wilt thou be baptized in this faith?

Answer. That is my desire.

SIGN the cross upon her brow,
 Dedicate her unto God—

We will answer for thee now,
 Until thou life's stage hast trod,
 And found how strange a mingled path
 Of good and ill, it for thee hath.

As thou goest on thy way,
 There will meet thee much of pain,
 Hours with scarce one gladd'ning ray,
 Hopes and wishes formed in vain ;
 Then wilt thou feel the bliss now given,
 Thou young inheritor of heaven !

Sometimes, very bright will be
 The joy and sunshine round thee shed,
 Lovely dreams will dazzle thee,
 Only flow'rs bloom 'neath thy tread ;
 When earth and pleasure tempt thy heart,
 Oh ! think thou then, whose child thou art.

Christ's true soldier prove through life,
 Look to Him in weal or woe,
 'Mid the calm, and 'mid the strife,
 And may'st thou pass from all below,
 With vict'ry's wreath upon thy brow,
 Won ! ev'ry promise given thee now.

LONELINESS.

WE sat alone, we two, my grief and I—
 My dumb dead hope, that in full bloom had died ;

I only saw that unmasked misery,
 Although the glorious hues of eventide
 Flooded the room, the summer sunshine made
 Of the blank walls a golden rippling sea ;
 The graceful vine-leaves' light and flickering shade
 Chequered the floor ; the treasure-laden bee
 Went humming past its careless happy song ;
 And in low-gushing tones, most musical,
 The glad birds sang, the leafy trees among,
 Their hymn of praise ; yet was unheeded all
 This loveliness by me, for my dull heart
 Thrill'd not at sight or sound. The day went by ;
 The twilight, too, did in night's gloom depart,
 And still we sat alone, my grief and I.

THE MIRROR.

OLD mirror ! on whose surface bright,
 So cold, so clear, so free from stain ;
 Where only now the noonday light
 Is given and return'd again.

Oh ! who can say what lovely forms,
 What noble brows, what beaming eyes
 And bosoms heav'd by passion's storms,
 Fill'd thee with ever-changing dyes ?

And scenes that never limner's hand
 Portray'd with pencil half so true,
 The sad, the beautiful, the grand,
 Have sprung to life once more in you !

The mother's holy look of love,
 The father's smile of conscious pride,
 His grateful hasty glance above,
 In thee have liv'd, in thee have died.

The lip stirr'd by unuttered prayer,
 The cheek which showed the troubled heart,
 And sneer of scorn, have each been there,
 All clear and vacant as thou art.

My mem'ry too, can fill thee, now,
 With many a cherish'd form of worth ;
 With loving eye and radiant brow,
 That long have pass'd from thee—and earth.

ITALY.

O ITALY, the fallen ! once thy soul
 Of high and noble impulses was full,
 And in its lofty might could spurn control,
 And find a place for all things beautiful.
 Noble and lovely in thy pride thou wert,
 O wherefore could'st thou bear to stoop so low ?
 Better have died thy freedom to assert,
 Than tamely crouch 'neath the degrading blow !
 But the vast knowledge which o'er earth's wide plains,
 Is sweeping, like a rushing mighty wind,
 Has reach'd e'en thee, and in thy languid veins
 The pulse is quick'ning—to thyself be kind,
 Call back the old high feelings to thine heart,
 And let it glow once more with freedom, truth, and art !

ARCHITECTURE.

O noble art ! to honour whom unite,
 Beauty with grandeur and simplicity,
 And bright cheek'd colour, lovely child of light,
 Link'd by the fairy hand of symmetry.
 O noble art ! how much we owe to thee,
 Of calm and holy thought, of feelings high,
 When in some splendid pile thy power we see ;
 Whether the broad-brow'd tower that dares the sky,
 The hall by commerce or by science trod,
 The palace home of kings, or solemn house of God.

THE DEPARTED.

They sleep in death, and shall we mourn—
 Although they were so lov'd in life—
 That they from this cold world have gone,
 Its burning tears, its bitter strife ?
 Ah, no ! 'twere selfishness, not love,
 To call them from the joys above.

And yet with them our thoughts will be,
 When 'mid the lov'd in festive hall :
 Ah ! very hard it is to see
 Those wanting there, most lov'd of all !
 And though they are but dust—oh earth !
 Thy costliest gems have not such worth.

But we will lift our souls on high,
 Unto the place where now they rest ;
 And, with unceasing zeal, will try
 To be as good, as pure, as blest :
 And bend, with hearts resigned, to this
 O'erwhelming blow on our young bliss.

Oh ! should we be a moment led
 To do what might have given them pain,
 One thought of the lov'd holy dead
 Shall call the wand'ers back again,
 With voice more eloquent to save .
 Than e'en in life—sent from the grave.

Lov'd forms ! now pass'd from all of woe—
 The blighting ills of time and sense—
 Sleep on—sleep on—we would not, no !
 E'en if we could, recall you thence :
 We kneel above the burial stone,
 And bless the God who called you home !

SONG.

ME THOUGHT the world but drear,
 But bleak, and sad, and lonely,
 Till love to me drew near,
 With accents fond and holy ;
 Then seem'd it full, to me,
 Of sweet society.

Methought the world but poor
 In all things that delight :
 True, it had golden store,
 And gems that glitter'd bright ;
 Love came—earth was, to me,
 A boundless treasury !

Time was, the world to me
 Seem'd harsh, and cold, and stern—
 A place where human hearts
 Had bitter lore to learn ;
 Love came—'twas filled, to me,
 With holy sympathy !

LINES.

I sobb'd myself to sleep last night,
 Just like some wayward child ;
 My grief seem'd more than I could bear—
 With pain my heart grew wild.

And round the present ill there came
 The shades of wo gone by,
 Till, from my inmost soul, broke forth
 A very bitter cry !

The spirits of departed years,
 With all their changes rife,
 Stole past, and caus'd me keener pangs
 Than in their troubled life.

O idler in a mighty school,
 Is thus thy lesson learn'd?
 That when its wisdom suits thee not,
 'Tis by thy folly spurn'd?

For, suffering is the atmosphere
 In which the soul grows pure;
 'Tis still its work, while staying here,
 To struggle and endure.

If 'mid bright sunshine thou hast walk'd,
 Because there comes a cloud,
 And all grows drear, shall thy chill'd heart
 Unto the earth be bow'd?

No! dash the blinding tears away,
 And lift thy glance on high;
 'Tis but the hopeless and the weak
 Who 'neath their burden die!

HOPES AND FEARS.

HOPES and fears, oh! how through life
 Do they hold unequal strife!
 Hopes, so fresh, so glad, so bright—
 True as heaven, pure as light!
 Things that not a cloud can dim,
 Sweet as harp of cherubim!

Fears, that like the demon train,
 Haunting the bewilder'd brain,
 Chill and darken all around,
 Casting shadows on the ground,
 In whose gloom no flow'r can live,
 Only blight and tears they give.

Hopes, that like the gush of song,
 Bear the soul in bliss along;
 Fears, that like the howling wind,
 Thrill with mis'ry undefin'd—
 To the latest hour of life
 Do ye make its joys and strife.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF MY MOTHER,

FOR MY SISTER'S ALBUM.

"The spider's most attenuated thread
 Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
 On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. Each moment
 plays
 His little weapon in the narrow sphere
 Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
 The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss."

Young's Night Thoughts.

BLESSED and gentle mother! there thou art
 Smiling upon us as in other times,
 E're thou hadst turned thy footsteps to depart
 From this brief world to the eternal climes.

Oh sweet and musical as sabbath chimes
 Was thy dear voice—and shall we never more
 In home, thy ruined and deserted shrine,
 Hear its tones breathing round us as of yore;
 Yet 'mid our grief it is a joy to us
 To *look* upon thee still tho' only *thus*.

And thou wert gone, oh home how desolate,
 Thy sunny light of happiness was fled,
 The joy that gathered round thy hearth so late,
 All, all, seemed gone to sanctify the dead.
 To make the lost be doubly cherished,
 Thy smiles remember'd seemèd sweeter grown;
 And almost musical thy gentle tread,
 'Twill no more break the silence that is thrown
 Around our household paths. We watch in vain,
 Thy form will never bless our sight again.

..... followed thee ere long,
 Earth was no place for him when no more thine;
 He could not mingle with its heartless throng,
 Rememb'ring what had made it once divine;
 The charnel house uprose its holiest shrine,
 And there the way-worn pilgrim bent his head.
 Lost in eternity, the woes of time,
 Leaving its thorny paths for us to tread;
 The orphan's lot is on us, but blest One!
 Thou taught'st us how to say, "Thy will be done."

We looked around upon the glorious earth
 That shone so lately with hope's brightest flowers,
 They had not perished in their early birth,
 But bloomèd not for us, and no more ours

Was the glad sunshine, but the thunder showers;
 We stood alone, and yet not desolate,
 Clinging still closer in misfortune's hour,
 And deeming thy pure spirit watched our fate,
 As guardian angels, when our hearts are riven,
 We look in those mild eyes, and dream of heaven.

THE MAIDEN'S DOWER.

"If you think I'm dower'd with golden store,
 Your wooing is vain," the maiden said;
 And she lifted to his, her calm, sad eye,
 And proudly erect rose her queenly head.

He smiled as he answered, "I love gold well,
 And the light of rare jewels I dearly prize;
 And I hold that man unwise, at the best,
 Who the value of either good gift denies!"

At his words lowly droop'd the bright young head,
 As the hopeless tears she strove to hide;
 While slowly and calmly she meekly said,
 "Farewell, God be with thee, whate'er betide!"

He has taken her hand, clasp'd her close to his heart;
 "Yes, jewels and gold do I dearly prize;
 But 'tis the rich wealth of thy golden hair,
 And the loving light of those earnest eyes!"

“ But more costly than all this earth contains,
 Is thine heart, in its truth and purity ;
 And may I not hope that its love is mine ?
 Then give thyself and thy dower to me ! ”

LOVE.

Oh, love ! true alchymist, whose art
 Turns to pure gold the meanest thing,
 And, from the darkest human heart
 Bids rays of light divine to spring :
 Oh, mystic lore ! that worthless dross
 Can change to treasure rich and rare,
 And from life's waste, and pain, and loss,
 Bring bliss and wealth beyond compare.

Love is a miser, too, that hoards
 With av'rice keen a look or word,
 Who garners in his heart of hearts
 The whisper low, none else had heard ;
 The pebbles on the common path,
 The weed all others would pass by,
 To him a higher value hath,
 Wears deeper beauty to his eye.

Poor alchymist ! who spends long days
 In search of but one golden gleam,
 To find, with weary aching heart,
 At last, 'tis all an idle dream ;
 Poor miser ! who perchance is robb'd
 Of that he deems of such high worth ;—
 Love ! dreamer, miser, though thou art,
 Without thee what were life or earth ?

STANZAS.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick."—PROVERBS xiii. 12.

A SICKNESS nigh to death is on my heart—
 A numbing pain, that paralyzes joy—
 A haunting dread that ere long will depart
 The hope, whose absence would life's bliss destroy.

The very fear of whose departure makes
 The summer sunshine dim ; robs starry night
 Of her old soothing influence, and takes
 The glory from all things that should delight.

This hope has fill'd my heart for many years,
 And made life very beautiful ; but now
 It droops and pales, and all but lost appears ;
 Not dead, but with death's seal upon its brow.

Oh ! this is anguish ; with enough of life
 To make me sometimes dream it may once more
 Regain its early vigour ; then the strife
 With the dread thought that all must soon be o'er.

Oh ! terrible suspense ! with a low cry
 Of pain, that must be suffer'd to be known,
 I spread these helpless human hands on high,
 To Him who reigns on an unchanging throne !

SONG.

A SOMETHING steals across my dreams,
 Whatever form those dreams may wear;
 For be they full of sunny gleams,
 Or chill and dark, it still is there—
 The face of her I love!

Sometimes I seem in deep wild wood,
 Where birds are singing blithe and free,
 Where foot of man hath seldom stood;
 When through the green leaves, suddenly
 Peeps forth the face I love!

Or, sailing in a fragile bark,
 Mid howling wind and tossing wave;
 As round me close the waters dark,
 A small white hand is stretched to save,
 'Tis that of her I love!

E'en when confused, and wild they seem,
 I trace the light of those dear eyes,
 Clear shining through my darkest dream;
 But when I wake, away it flies—
 The sweet face that I love!

OLD MEMORIES.

OLD memories, old memories are busy at my heart:
 They round me clasp their loving arms, as loath that
 we should part—

Should part? That were an idle fear; for while life
fills each vein,
Old memories, ye still will dwell within this heart and
brain.

Old memories! who has not felt their influence sweet
and sad,
The blending of the sun and cloud, the mournful and
the glad?
Who has not smiled a happy smile, or shed a passing
tear,
When mem'ry's beck'ning hand has brought the long-
past once more near?

They meet us in the flush of joy, and add unto our bliss,
Like the true-hearted sympathy of a fond sister's kiss:
They come, too, in affliction's hour, and give the clasping
hand
Of one, perchance, who's far away, or in the spirit-land.

They are with us at our fire-side, and in the crowded
street—
Ay, and in God's own holy house, blest memories we
meet;
They come with the fresh morning air, and the calm
eventide,
Amid the sternest din of life steal softly to our side.

Old memories, old memories! your beauty never fades,
If life's morn has its dazzling hopes, ye gild its evening
shades;
For many a chasten'd feeling, for many a gladden'd hour,
Old memories, we prize and bless your mighty wondrous
power!

STANZAS.

"Les jours et les années sont des traits que la mort nous lance."

ALPHONSE KARR.

Oh, Time! whate'er thy flight,
Whether thy wing be bright
With hope's glad sunny beam,
Or drooping, heavy, low,
With earth's dull care and woe,
Still thou art but the stream
Whose resistless rapid wave
Bears life's bark on to the grave.

Life! though thy years be full
Of all things beautiful—
Health, gladness, friendship, love—
Thy days of summer bliss,
Or wintry bitterness,
Yet silently remove
The lov'd chains whose links, we trust,
Long-will brave time's waste and rust.

Oh hours! that pass us by
Still scatt'ring as ye fly,
Such precious, wondrous things!
What are ye, days, months, years,
Your changes, hopes and fears,
But arrows that death flings
With kind hand, that we may be
Gather'd to eternity!

LINES.

THOU hast forgotten the long summer evens,
 With their refreshing calmness, and the bright
 Pale moon, as it came through the clear blue heavens,
 That shone still purer with its holy light ;
 Thou hast forgotten what sad feelings started
 Into our hearts, as we reluctant parted :
 And have I, too ? Ah no !

Thou hast forgotten all the bliss of meeting ;
 How we would try, with anxious fear, to calm
 The voice that falter'd with the heart's quick beating,
 Lest smiling lips should Love's quick pride alarm,
 And trembled lest the eye, grown bright with pleasure,
 To others should reveal our soul's rich treasure :
 And have I, too ? Ah no !

Thou hast forgotten when the summer showers
 Came without warning, how we sought the shade
 Of some broad tree, around whose stem the flowers
 Twin'd lovingly, and a bright mantle made ;
 How the leaves leapt to meet the raindrops, while
 Each flower breath'd rich perfume and wore a smile :
 And have I, too ? Ah no !

And thou couldst treat affection as a flower
 We heedless gather but to fling away,
 As carelessly within the passing hour,
 Leaving no trace of its quick-wrought decay ;
 Couldst bid Love's music into air depart,
 Nor feel an echo ling'ring in thine heart :
 And can I, too ? Ah no !

HOPE'S WORK.

FOR ever mingling with the busy throng
Of struggling, aching hearts that crowd this earth,
Hope sings to some a low and pleasant song
Of gentle, loving smiles, and household mirth.

To some 'tis but a cheering word she speaks ;
She on another's path a blossom flings :
Before her sunny smile the dense clouds break,
And heaven's own light beams down on earthly things.

She steals unnoted 'mid the watchers sad,
Who mourn beside some lov'd one's couch of pain ;
Unconsciously each spirit grows more glad,
And prayer and trust are felt to be not vain.

When the pale brow is sad, and dim with care,
She presses on it many a gentle kiss ;
And the dull weight of pain no longer there,
Yields to a calming sense of coming bliss.

When fear and doubt gather around the soul,
She hastens to our side and whispers peace ;
When some heart-grief would almost mock control,
At her light touch the fearful throbbings cease.





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